EYES

original story and

screenplay by

John Carpenter

REVISED FIRST DRAFT

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A psychic is a person sensitive to forces outside the sphere of physical science or knowledge.

ESP has become a catch-phrase to describe everything that neither science nor religion can explain.

But Extra Sensory Perception may be the untapped, unexplored gate to the incredible hidden powers of the human mind.

1 MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

Eyes are photographed with a macro lens giving us incredible CLOSE SHOTS. Every detail of the human eye fills the screen, every little fleck in the iris and every tiny blood vessel in the liquid milky white.

Photographing eyes this close will give them an unearthly look, as if we are gazing on some alien terrain, some extra-terrestrial landscape we have never seen before.

SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLES

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXTERIOR - BEACH - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

It is a bright, hot summer day. Everything is slightly misty, distant as in a dream.

SHEILA MARS stands on the beach. In her late twenties, her face is angular and beautiful, soft and vulnerable. She wears a pretty print dress.

The beach is almost deserted. There is a MAN and a WOMAN, both young and attractive in a fashion magazine sort of way, standing several yards away posing for a photograph.

Sheila has a camera around her neck. She raises it to her eye.

3 SHEILA'S POV - THROUGH CAMERA (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Through the camera she sees the couple standing there, but behind them in the distance moves a huge thundercloud, big and black and bloated with rain, rolling slowly in from the ocean.

4 BACK TO SCENE (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Sheila takes the camera away, frowning. She turns to an OLDER MAN, perhaps a father figure, standing next to her smiling.

SHEILA
They came in awfully fast, didn't they?

She points out to the clouds.

OLDER MAN

It always happens that way. Here, I have a gift for you.

The Older Man hands her a conch shell.

SHEILA
That's very nice, but I have to take this picture before the storm hits.

She turns back to the couple and raises the camera to her eye to take the picture.

5 SHEILA'S POV - THROUGH CAMERA (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Through the camera she sees an entirely different scene: a dimly lit room, dark, sulphorous lighting, and the man from the beach is holding the woman, raising a knife in his hand, plunging it into her face.

6 BACK TO SCENE (DREAM SEQUENCE)

In terror, Sheila drops the camera to the sand. The beach is empty. The couple have disappeared. Puzzled, Sheila reaches down to pick up her camera. It has turned into the conch shell.

At that moment the storm hits. The beach is covered with rain and wind.

Sheila holds the conch shell up to her ear.

SHEILA
This is no gift.

Suddenly from deep inside the shell a voice whispers.

VOICE
Sheila!

7 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - DAY

At this moment Sheila awakens from the dream and bolts upright in bed with a start. She is dazed. She shakes her head, trying to clear it.

Then slowly Sheila wakes up, astounded at her own dream. She smiles to herself.

SHEILA
Oh boy! That was a good one, sweetheart!

As she gets out of bed and begins to get dressed for the day, the CAMERA MOVES AROUND her large six-room apartment. There is a huge skylight which pours the bright December sunshine into the mahogany wood rooms. Through the skylight we can see the roofs and windows of brownstones across the street and the framework of a large building under construction. Crests of clinging snow can be seen in the skylight.

In a single shot we know everything about Sheila Mars: CAMERA MOVES to the walls lined with photographs of faces, studies from real life, unposed etched people with piercing eyes; THEN ON to various framed awards and citations from art festivals and galleries; THEN TO a corkboard filled with newspaper and magazine reviews and other assorted notes and memorabilia ("Fashion Photographer Turns Lens to Art" and so forth); THEN CAMERA MOVES DOWN to stacks of fashion magazines and mounds of glossy fashion stills piled up against the wall; THEN UP to a coffee table and a book on it entitled The Faces of Mars, a collection of Sheila's work; THEN PAST a Nikkon camera and other equipment slung on a chair; AND FINALLY UP to a huge picture window where Sheila stands, now dressed, drinking her morning coffee. It is deep winter. Snow covers the city.

We establish that Sheila's apartment is four stories above street level. She is on the top floor of an old apartment building on East Forty-Eighth Street off Third Avenue.

CUT TO:

8 INTERIOR - APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

In a bright T-shirt, dungarees, vest and large fur overcoat, her camera and sachel dangling on her shoulder, Sheila steps out of her apartment, down a dimly lit hallway walled and

(CONT'D)

8 CONTINUED

carpeted in dark green, into the elevator - oak paneled with a shiny brass handrail around the inside - one of those that you have to operate yourself.

CUT TO:

9 INTERIOR - APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

Sheila steps out of the elevator into the lobby, huge and ornate like the apartment building itself, full of high-ceilinged alcoves with art decco chairs, fireplaces and other Victorian detail. She walks through the lobby to a small reception desk which contains ARTHUR, the doorman.

Arthur is a middle-aged black man who seems totally bored with his job. He sits behind an intercom flipping switches to the various rooms. He has a remote, talk-back cord in his ear.

ARTHUR
(into the intercom)
Eight o'clock.
(he flips another button)
Eight o'clock.

Arthur continues this boredly.

Sheila checks through her mailbox for messages and finds a tape cartridge with a pink ribbon wrapped around it. She turns from the mailbox and watches Arthur a moment.

SHEILA
I just figured out how you do that, Arthur. . It doesn't matter if they actually left a call in, you just keep buzzing until you've covered everybody.

Arthur glances up at her coldly.

ARTHUR
(into intercom)
Eight o'clock.

(CONT'D)

9 CONTINUED

He starts to flip another button, then stops, listening over the remote cord.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(into intercom)
I have no idea. How would I know, I haven't been out yet?

Impulsively Sheila leans down and speaks into the intercom.

SHEILA
(into intercom)
It's cold and shitty!

Arthur quickly disconnects the line and glares at Sheila.

ARTHUR
You're gonna lose me my job.

SHEILA
I made you famous, Arthur. No one will ever fire you.

MRS. BURLINGTON, a nosy, late-sixties widower with a pinched face, pink-rimmed glasses on a neckchain, and a flower print dress, comes bustling up to the reception desk.

MRS. BURLINGTON
(to Arthur)
I have to talk to you!

SHEILA
Good morning, Mrs. Burlington. You're up early.

Mrs. Burlington gives her a side-long glance.

MRS. BURLINGTON
Was that your boyfriend walking around up there last night?

SHEILA
(startled)
Boyfriend? Up where?

Mrs. Burlington takes off her glasses with a dramatic gesture and drops them on her neckchain.

(CONT'D)

9 CONTINUED

MRS. BURLINGTON
That strange man looking around on your floor at one fifteen this morning.

Sheila smiles at the fact the woman knows the exact time - her unbridled nosiness.

SHEILA
What did he look like?

MRS. BURLINGTON
It was too dark. I couldn't see his face.

SHEILA
How did you know he was strange, then?

ARTHUR
She sees strange men wandering on the ceiling of her bathroom.

At this Mrs. Burlington is infuriated.

MRS. BURLINGTON
I pay enough for security, I want to know someone's on the job. . .

Sheila leaves them arguing. She proceeds back through a small walkway out of the lobby.

10 EXTERIOR - SMALL ALLEY - DAY

Sheila steps out a side door into a small alley. The fire escape is right above the alley. Sheila walks across to the side entrance of the delicatessen next door.

11 INTERIOR - DELICATESSEN HALLWAY - DAY

Sheila walks down a dingy little hallway. She passes a door marked "Superintendant" and notices the edge of a steamer trunk has pushed the door ajar from the inside. Unable to resist the temptation, she peeks in.

12 INTERIOR - SUPERINTENDANT'S ROOM - DAY

The room is small and boxy. There is an old set of box springs

(CONT'D)

12 CONTINUED

pushed against the wall. Besides the huge steamer trunk there are a couple of suitcases. The room is tiny and bleak.

13 BACK TO SHEILA

She catches herself momentarily snooping and continues down the hall.

14 INTERIOR - DELICATESSEN - DAY

Sheila walks into the small delicatessen and sits down at the counter. There are a few customers huddled around drinking coffee or eating breakfast.

The DELICATESSEN OWNER, a large man in his late fifties, brings her a cup of coffee.

SHEILA
Can you make it with the food by four fifteen?

DELI OWNER
No problem.

SHEILA
Elaine Casseil will call you and make the final arrangements. She owns the gallery and. . .

DELI OWNER
Stop the worrying, will you?

SHEILA
I just want everything to go right.

DELI OWNER
It will. I even hired a new delivery boy for you.

The deli owner turns and calls to GEORGE KEMPER, a big burly young man in his late twenties - Sheila's age. He has a good-natured, congenial face, a ruddy jovial look about him. George looks up from stacking boxes of food.

DELI OWNER (CONT'D)
Sheila Mars, say hello to George Kemper.

14 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Hello, George.

George smiles back at Sheila.

GEORGE
(softly, almost under his breath)
Hello.

SHEILA
You hired a new super, too?

DELI OWNER
Naah. George is staying back there until he finds a place of his own.

Sheila stands up and pays for the coffee.

SHEILA
I gotta run.

She looks at the deli owner and starts to say something else.

DELI OWNER
I told you to stop worrying. The food will be there.

15 EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Sheila walks out of the deli. She quickly hails a taxi and jumps in.

16 INTERIOR - TAXI - DAY

Sheila leans forward to the DRIVER.

SHEILA
Brentano's.

The cab pulls out into the flux of traffic, winter streets bristling with cars and busses. Sheila begins to insulate herself for the day. The vulnerability is gone. She is bright, strong, self-willed. She takes the tape cartridge out of her purse, pulls off the pink ribbon, and flips the cartridge into her small, portable tape deck.

(CONT'D)

16 CONTINUED

We hear DONALD'S VOICE on the tape. He is her private secretary, obviously a homosexual, who speaks with a constant level of effeminate sarcasm. The tape is Donald's morning note to Sheila.

DONALD
(voice over)
This has got to hold you until you get to the studio, so listen carefully, sweetheart. If you're not on your way to Brentano's, you are going in the wrong direction. After the autographs you have two sessions at the studio, and are they ever exciting. Michelle will be flashing her eight hundred dollar-a-day smile for Revlon. Doesn't that make you tingle? Then at eleven thirty you have a turn of the century Ford touring car portrait. There were no Ford touring cars at the turn of the century, but don't tell those Bozos at the agency. Speaking of Bozos, I got a call from that executive over at Milltown. You know, the one who keeps trying to get a date with you. Well, he wants to see you tomorrow.

Sheila winces at this.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(voice over)
Yes, he'll be trying his best to snooker you at lunch. If he'd only try me!

CUT TO:

17 INTERIOR - BRENTANO'S - DAY

Sheila sits behind a table and a large stack of <u>The Faces of Mars</u> in Brentano's. She is hastily signing the inside covers and stacking the signed copies on another table.

A CLERK walks hurriedly to the table.

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED

CLERK
(in a rush)
Mister Shelps asked if you would bring a couple copies up to the front when you have a moment.

Sheila holds up two copies to the clerk.

SHEILA
Can't you take them?

CLERK
I have to go back to the storeroom right away, Miss Mars. I'm sorry.

The clerk disappears. Sheila gets up from the table and starts toward the front of the store.

As she walks she sees a big, powerful MAN step into the store. He is JOHN NEVILLE and he doesn't look like the kind of person you'd see browsing in a book store. His face is handsome and tough at the same time, weathered by something more than age. He is dressed in a modest dark suit. He walks over to a stack of The Faces of Mars in the front of the store.

Sheila stops a few aisles away from Neville and stares at him, instantly attracted to his rugged features. Neville looks up and sees Sheila. For a moment their eyes meet. The attraction is there in his eyes too.

Sheila continues to walk toward Neville, pretending to be browsing through a copy. She stops a few feet away from him. After she watches him again for a few moments he looks up. Sheila holds up her book.

SHEILA
Want one that's autographed?

NEVILLE
No thanks.

SHEILA
Don't you like the book?

Neville takes one of her copies and quickly leafs through it.

NEVILLE
Yeah, sure.

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED

He hands it back to her.

SHEILA
Then why don't you buy it?

Sheila gives him an incredible smile. Neville can't help but return it.

NEVILLE
Do you work here?

Before she can answer, Neville again takes the book out of her hand.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
If you don't, you should.

Neville puts the book under his arm and starts toward the cash register. Sheila quickly picks up step with him.

SHEILA
You've made the right decision.
Our figures show that we may actually
sell out of it by this afternoon. . .

Neville stops. There is a line of PEOPLE at the cash register.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
No one who really enjoys art should
be without a copy. . .

Neville glances at his wrist watch.

NEVILLE
Looks like I'll have to be.

Neville hands the book back to Sheila. Then he quickly and abruptly hurries out of the store.

Sheila watches him leave, her eyes betraying her feeling for him.

SHEILA
(to herself)
If you'd only asked about my
lay-away plan. . .

CUT TO:

18 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S STUDIO - DAY

Sheila's studio is a large, multi-levelled loft in an old brownstone on the East Side of Manhattan. In addition to the various standing sets and equipment, the studio is filled with an incredible ragtag of things: huge jawbones, bird cages, a carved wooden Indian in a dress, movie posters plastered all over the walls, books and glasses and pillows in huge piles, a maze of items and articles stacked on the floor or suspended from the ceiling.

In a large open area of the studio Sheila is hard at work with MICHELLE, a tall dishwater blonde with a ravishing smile and sexy toughness. Unlike most of the New York models, Michelle is extremely intelligent. She and Sheila are close friends. Michelle is posing and posturing as Sheila clicks off shots.

SHEILA
All right, Michelle, you're looking right at me. . .

Michelle moves. CLICK, SNAP. CLICK, SNAP.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Turn your head. . . more. . . more. Large smile. . . little smile. . . <u>any</u> smile?

Sheila takes her eye away from the viewfinder and stares at Michelle.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

MICHELLE
I'm sorry. I'm just not all here.

SHEILA
Eight hundred dollars a day and you're not all here?

MICHELLE
Help me.

Sheila puts the camera back to her eye.

18 CONTINUED

SHEILA
All right, Michelle. Jewish girl flies in and meets her parents at the airport. She steps off the plane with her new husband, a seven-foot African native with a bone through his nose. Her mother screams, "You fool, I said a RICH doctor!"

Michelle breaks into helpless laughter.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
That's it, that's it!

Sheila CLICKS off shots right and left.

CUT TO:

19 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S STUDIO - DAY

It is a half hour later. Sheila is packing up her camera equipment. Michelle walks in from the dressing rooms.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry I was frozen this morning.

SHEILA
The usual?

MICHELLE
It's getting worse. I don't know whether to try to put it back together or just leave him. All we do now is argue.
(she shakes her head slowly)
What do you think?

SHEILA
Don't ask the Queen of the Darkroom. These days I get all my action with Plus X in the stop bath.

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED

MICHELLE
I didn't expect an answer. The question was rhetorical.

DONALD
(off screen)
You're using big words now, Michelle.

DONALD comes into the studio. He is a thirty-five year old homosexual with a caustic sense of humor. He dresses outrageously. It is instantly obvious that there is antagonism between Donald and Michelle.

DONALD (CONT'D)
(to Sheila)
And I resent the use of the word 'Queen' unless it's in reference to me.

Sheila glances at Michelle as if to say 'pay no attention to him.'

SHEILA
Hello, Donald. I enjoyed your tape this morning. You must have put it there before dawn.

DONALD
The early bird. . .

MICHELLE
(coldly)
I've never known a fag to get up before noon.

DONALD
(correcting her)
Gay person.
(He turns to Sheila)
You've got a lot of things to do this afternoon, Miss Mars. There isn't time to talk to the Living Mannequin.

SHEILA
Are you coming to the gallery, Michelle?

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED

MICHELLE
Later on.

SHEILA
We'll talk then.

DONALD
Now stop it!

Donald stands between them, hooking his arms in theirs.

DONALD (CONT'D)
No secrets among girls.

CUT TO:

20 EXTERIOR - CITY STREET - DAY

Sheila and Donald walk briskly along a city street. We see why Donald is Sheila's personal secretary. He is efficient, organized and intelligent. He runs down her entire day for her.

DONALD
. . . and you have a location at Bryanston Park tomorrow morning. The Ford touring car portrait is rescheduled for eleven thirty. You'll just have time to make it back.

SHEILA
That's it?

DONALD
It? You mean you want more?

SHEILA
I'm so busy now I can't do my laundry.

DONALD
You haven't done your own laundry in five years.

Sheila suddenly stops, grabbing Donald's arm.

SHEILA
Wait a minute!

(CONT'D)

20 CONTINUED

Donald looks at her curiously. Sheilas has a strange, quizzical look on her face as if she is searching for the answer to a question. Suddenly she has it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Strings!

DONALD
What?

SHEILA
Strings. All at once, like a dam breaking. Years of moisture and tension and . . .

Sheila realizes she isn't making sense.

DONALD
What are you talking about?

SHEILA
I don't know.

Then she looks up and down the street urgently. She grabs a hold of Donald and pulls him inside a doorway into an old building.

20A INTERIOR - OLD BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Sheila and Donald stop at the second floor landing. There is the SOUND OF AN OLD, TINNY PIANO PLAYING.

20B INTERIOR - REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

They step into a decrepit rehearsal hall. The MUSIC comes from an ancient upright piano, its slightly-out-of-tune sounds filling the room. A small, balding, late-thirties SONGWRITER is playing. A stack of his music is on top of the piano. He stops the tune and glances up at Sheila and Donald as they approach.

SONGWRITER
I got another fifteen minutes.

Sheila just stares at the old piano.

(CONT'D)

20B CONTINUED

SONGWRITER (CONT'D)
I'm paid up for the hour.
(the expression on her face registers.)
What's wrong?

The Songwriter gets up. There are a couple beats as all three of them look at the old piano.

Then the back of the piano suddenly BURSTS OPEN with an EXPLOSION of flying wood, and all the strings inside fall out on the floor.

Sheila, Donald and the Songwriter stare at the obliterated piano for several beats.

SONGWRITER
Oh, my God!

DONALD
How did you know?

A chill runs through Sheila. She has no idea how she knew.

SONGWRITER
I can't believe it! All at once?

Sheila begins talking without really knowing what she's saying.

SHEILA
. . . like a dam breaking. Years of moisture and tension. . .

Then she stops. She looks at Donald. An absolutely haunted look comes over their faces.

DONALD
This means I get very drunk at the gallery.

CUT TO:

21 INTERIOR - GALLERY - DAY

The art gallery is sterile white with huge black and white blow-ups of Sheila's photographs displayed everywhere. The photos are from Sheila's book The Faces of Mars. They include shots of Michelle, Donald, Arthur the black switchboard operator, and ELAINE CASSEIL, the gallery owner. A woman in

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

her later forties, Elaine is somewhat attractive, modestly dressed, a businesswoman who is, at the moment, making her way through PATRONS, ART CRITICS, and various other INVITED GUESTS all chatting and drinking and smiling. The cocktail party is in full swing.

Elaine has a strained look on her face from too much tension. She finds Sheila and Donald in a corner of the gallery.

ELAINE
This is just no good.
(she points at Sheila)
You should be out mingling.

DONALD
(obviously intoxicated)
We're having a private drunk here together.

ELAINE
(to Donald)
Stop being so selfish. Why don't you leave her alone for five minutes.

SHEILA
Elaine, you won't believe what happened this afternoon.

DONALD
She's turned into a mystic.

SHEILA
I've never had anything like this happen before. It started with that dream I had this morning. . .

A PATRON in a tuxedo walks by and smiles at Sheila, shaking her hand.

PATRON
Beautiful work. Just beautiful.

SHEILA
Thank you very much.

Donald looks at her.

21 CONTINUED

DONALD
What dream? You never told me about any dream.

ELAINE
I don't want to know, whatever it is. What I want to know is, where is George? Why isn't he here with the food?

SHEILA
George?
(then she remembers)
Oh, the new delivery boy.

Elaine turns on Donald.

ELAINE
You did get her drunk. Not bright, Donald. Not bright.

Donald cooly turns to Sheila, gesturing to Elaine.

DONALD
You see before you proof of yet another strike by the garbage men of New York.

SHEILA
I am not drunk. Extremely high, yes. Not drunk.
(she points at Donald)
That is drunk.
(she points to herself)
This is high.

Sheila moves away from Donald and Elaine, drifting off through the crowd, HELLOING various people and thanking them.

In another corner of the gallery a very unhappy-looking Michelle and ROBERT, her boyfriend, a tall, attractive man in a white tennis outfit. Sheila walks over to them.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry.

ROBERT
Do <u>you</u> care, Sheila?

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

SHEILA
About what?

MICHELLE
That he's a fool.

Michelle turns away from him angrily. Robert gestures to his tennis outfit.

ROBERT
My clothes.

SHEILA
Of course not.

ROBERT
Since I'm required to be here I might as well be comfortable.

MICHELLE
No one said you had to come.

ROBERT
Not in so many words, no. But certain actions speak louder.

Robert stalks away as Elaine walks up to Sheila and Michelle.

ELAINE
(gesturing angrily at Robert)
Michelle. . .

MICHELLE
He didn't want to come anyway.

ELAINE
How could he wear that to Sheila's opening?

MICHELLE
He's just trying to get at me.

ELAINE
(her voice rising)
Michelle, you are with a very stupid man!

Sheila puts a hand gently on Elaine's arm.

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Elaine, calm down, it's all right. Robert's a friend. I don't care what he wears.

Robert returns, a drink in his hand. He has heard what Sheila just said.

ROBERT
The last of the all-time really great broads.

Sheila winks sarcastically.

SHEILA
Thanks, pal.

Sheila moves away from them. Donald comes weaving by her, a silly but caustic smile on his face. He has heard the argument.

DONALD
Princesses, all of them. Especially Robert.

SHEILA
Elaine is always a little high-pitched but I've never seen her this upset. Something must be wrong.

DONALD
And at <u>your</u> opening. You'd think they'd have the decency to play down their little traumas.

A WAITER passes by and Donald grabs a drink off his tray. He gulps it down. Sheila hooks his arm and they walk through the crowd, smiling, HELLOING. She WHISPERS firmly with a smile.

SHEILA
If you get any drunker and insult anyone else. . .

DONALD
What do you mean 'anyone else'? I haven't even started yet.

SHEILA
Donald, I want your word.

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

DONALD
Oh, all right. By the way, is that what everyone is looking for?

Donald points to George at the gallery door. He has just stepped in with trays of food.

Right behind George, John Neville steps into the gallery.

Sheila recognizes him instantly from the book store. She stares at him.

George sees Sheila's reaction. For a moment he thinks it is for him and smiles warmly back at her. Then he realizes she is looking at Neville.

Neville begins looking around the gallery. He doesn't see Sheila. Sheila walks over to Elaine.

SHEILA
George is here.

ELAINE
Finally!

Sheila and Elaine join George. While Elaine gives George hurried instructions on the food, Sheila glances at Neville across the gallery.

SHEILA
Elaine, who is that?

Sheila points to Neville. Both Elaine and George look at him.

ELAINE
I don't know, I'd have to check my list.

SHEILA
Would you?

ELAINE
You mean right now, this minute?

Sheila nods her head. Elaine quickly glances at her list.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
I think that's John Neville. He's a regular patron, but I really don't know who he is. I've seen him a couple times before.

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

Elaine notices the way Sheila stares at Neville. So does George.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
You like him, huh?

SHEILA
Absolutely beautiful. And I'm just high enough to do this.

Sheila walks right up to Neville.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Hello there.

Neville turns and instantly recognizes her from Brentano's.

NEVILLE
Hello.

SHEILA
We met before. Remember the book store you ran out of this morning?

NEVILLE
You were the salesgirl who tried to get me to buy that book.

SHEILA
Sort of. . .

NEVILLE
I'm sorry I was so abrupt. I had to leave for work.

SHEILA
Sheila Mars is the one you should apologize to. She lost the sale of one copy.

NEVILLE
I don't think she'll mind. I made it to her opening. And so did you. You must really like her work.

Sheila carefully scrutinizes her own photographs.

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

SHEILA
They're all right. What do you really think of them?

NEVILLE
(still looking at her)
Very nice.

SHEILA
Nice?

NEVILLE
Yes.

Sheila gestures to the photographs all around them.

SHEILA
You'd use the word 'nice'?

NEVILLE
Why not?

SHEILA
There are stronger words.

Neville glances at the photographs.

NEVILLE
They're. . .
(he tries to think of a new word and fails)
. . . nice.

SHEILA
I'm Sheila Mars. This is my opening. I took these nice pictures.

Neville stares at her astoundedly.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I like to mingle with the patrons and see what they really think about my work.

NEVILLE
Congratulations.

SHEILA
On what? Mingling with the patrons?

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
Insulting them.

He turns and starts to walk away.

SHEILA
Do you know what I wish?

He stops and slowly looks back at her.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I wish we could start this whole thing over from the beginning.

Before Neville can say anything Sheila walks away from him, disappears behind one of her photographs, then reappears, looking at Neville as if for the first time.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Hello, I'm Sheila Mars. Welcome to my opening. If I happen to say anything rude or insult you in any way, please ignore it. I'm just nervous.

NEVILLE
I don't like being tricked, in a book store or an art gallery.

SHEILA
Well from the way you look I didn't think you'd be this sensitive.

NEVILLE
Sensitive?

SHEILA
There's nothing wrong with it. I think men should be sensitive. But you've got such a great scowl, it makes you look, I don't know, tougher.

Neville catches himself scowling. He breaks into a laconic smile.

NEVILLE
You have a unique sort of style.

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

SHEILA
You mean my pictures?

NEVILLE
No.

Sheila smiles her Cheshire cat smile.

SHEILA
I can't help myself. It's because I'm impulsive. I always have been.

Neville nods silently in agreement.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Actually, I'm testing your reactions. You can tell an awful lot about someone by testing their reactions. Don't you think so?

Neville nods again.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
You're not known for the long soliloquy, are you? The turn of the phrase, the fast conversation?

NEVILLE
Not often.
(he gestures to the photos around them)
You're good. How do you choose your subjects?

SHEILA
I just wander around looking at people. I try to find faces that say something. Like yours.

NEVILLE
What does my face say?

SHEILA
I'm not sure, I'd have to study it more. . .

Neville glances at his wrist watch.

NEVILLE
I'm afraid right now it says 'goodbye'.

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Every time we get to the good part you look at your watch and say something clever.

NEVILLE
I really have to go. It's my lunch hour and. . .

SHEILA
At four thirty in the afternoon?

NEVILLE
Unfortunately. Goodbye, Miss Mars. It's been. . . incredible.

They smile at each other. He turns to go.

SHEILA
Would you mind if I took your picture sometime?

NEVILLE
(shaking his head)
I have this thing about having my picture taken.

SHEILA
That's not it, is it? You've made up your mind about me, just like that. And I thought we were getting along so well.

NEVILLE
We were.

SHEILA
I hate the sound of the past tense.

NEVILLE
It's my fault. I guess you might say I'm just old-fashioned underneath it all.

SHEILA
Old-fashioned?

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
I feel there are certain things a man should never lose. If you have to sacrifice the first move, never give away the last.

Neville turns and walks away. Sheila watches him longingly.

SHEILA
(to herself)
You really know how to charm 'em.

Elaine walks up.

ELAINE
What did you find out about him?

SHEILA
He doesn't talk a lot, he eats lunch at four thirty in the afternoon and he doesn't like to have his picture taken.

ELAINE
(gruffly)
Well, now maybe you'll let some of the patrons find out something about you.

Sheila turns and looks at Elaine.

SHEILA
Is there something wrong? It's a hard opening and all but you're. . .

ELAINE
I know, I know. Listen, I have to talk to you about something. Let's have lunch tomorrow.

SHEILA
Fine.

ELAINE
I'm sorry, Sheila.

Elaine drifts away leaving Sheila alone. Sheila's thoughts immediately return to Neville.

(CONT'D)

21 CONTINUED

Suddenly Neville reappears from behind one of Sheila's photographs.

NEVILLE
Hello, I'm John Neville.

Sheila is stunned.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
What's your address?

She has to think a moment.

SHEILA
Uh. . . One-one-three Forty Eighth Street.

NEVILLE
I'll pick you up tomorrow night.
Seven o'clock.

SHEILA
I'm at my studio until seven. . .

NEVILLE
Where's that?

SHEILA
Eight seventy-nine Shaw Place.

NEVILLE
I'll pick you up there, then.

SHEILA
Why?

NEVILLE
We're having dinner.

He turns and starts to walk away, then stops and turns back.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
That's the last move.

Neville walks away.

Slowly Sheila breaks into a deliciously happy grin.

SHEILA
I hope not.

CUT TO:

22 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila's living room is dark except for the orange glow from the fireplace. Several logs are CRACKLING. Sheila is seated on the floor opening a bottle of wine. She pops the cork and pours herself a glass. Her eyes move to the picture window. Above the building across the street is a glimpse of the winter city.

Sheila refocuses her eyes to her own reflection in the window. Smiling, she lifts her glass in a toast to the reflection.

SHEILA
Here's to tomorrow night.

All of a sudden Sheila whirls around and stares at the front door. There is no sound, nothing to draw her attention. She senses something there.

Slowly Sheila walks to the front door. She listens for a moment, then quickly pulls it open.

23 INTERIOR - APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is empty. There is nothing out of the ordinary. . . except the window at the end of the hall is open slightly. Snow blows in on the floor. Sheila walks to the window and cautiously peers out.

24 SHEILA'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

It opens on to the fire escape. The night is cold and there is a light snow falling. The street - mostly brownstones, a parking lot or two - is filled with snow and shadows.

25 BACK TO SCENE

Sheila starts to close the window, then glances down at the fire escape.

26 SHEILA'S POV - FIRE ESCAPE

There are footprints leading down the escape. They are big like the imprint of a man's boot.

27 BACK TO SCENE

Sheila closes the window and latches it shut. She thinks about it a moment: the window had to be opened from the inside.

27 CONTINUED

She starts to her door, then stops. She sees something on the floor and picks it up. It is a small parking lot stub. Next to the punched-in time line is "Fuelis Parking Lot, Bayonne, New Jersey."

Sheila walks back to her apartment.

28 DELETED

CUT TO:

29 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S STUDIO - DAY

A group of TEN MODELS in 1910 clothes - white frilly dresses and floppy hats with big flowers, small derbys for the men - are sitting in and standing around an ancient Ford touring car. The ART DIRECTORS and STYLISTS are putting the finishing touches on the backdrop, a turn of the century town in the midwest. Sheila is setting up the shot, barking instructions to everyone, checking everything through the viewfinder of her camera.

SHEILA
I want you to stain that darker. Charlene, your hat is on crooked. No, strike that, your head is lopsided. Tilt it the other way. Janet, change places with Neil. No, no, not Judy, Neil! Back up as much as you can, Charlene. Talk to each other! Smiling, enjoying life! No, no, don't overanimate! All right, everybody, here we are!

Sheila puts her eye to the viewfinder.

30 SHEILA'S POV - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

Through the camera she sees the Ford touring car portrait. It is a beautiful shot.

Sheila looks up from the camera.

SHEILA
You're not back far enough, Charlene!

(CONT'D)

31 CONTINUED

The model inches backward.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
That's it, that's it! Here we are again. . .

She puts her eye to the viewfinder.

32 SHEILA'S POV - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

Instead of the touring car portrait Sheila sees the first vision: just a flash, an instantaneous image, she is looking through someone else's eyes.

The vision is of an open window, purple curtains billowing out with a gust of wind.

32A BACK TO SCENE

Startled, Sheila jerks her head away from the viewfinder. Everything is normal. The models are waiting for her to finish the shot. Hesitantly she looks through the viewfinder again.

32B SHEILA'S POV - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

It is just as it was before, a beautiful touring car portrait.

33 BACK TO SCENE

SHEILA
All right, let's take it. . . Here we are. . .

CLICK, SNAP. Sheila steps back from the camera.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Relax. Nice picture. Thank you, everybody. Thank you. Wrap it.

The models rush to the dressing rooms and on to other sessions. The art directors and stylists congratulate Sheila and depart. Sheila is left alone in her studio.

She looks at her camera for several moments. She has been shaken by the vision. Finally she removes the film from the camera.

34 INTERIOR - STUDIO DARKROOM - DAY

Sheila walks into her studio darkroom. She pulls the black velvet curtains across the doorway and CLICKS the light switch.

In the instant as the room light goes off and the negative-red darkroom light fades on Sheila is struck by another, almost subliminal flash.

35 SHEILA'S POV - SECOND VISION

The second vision blots out her view of the darkroom. Sheila is again looking through someone else's eyes.

The vision moves quickly toward a window, the same window, purple curtains twisting with gusts of wind. This is not a dream. What she is seeing is real.

The vision rotates from the window, the person looking to one side, to a bureau, moving in to a small photo of Elaine Casseil. A gloved hand reaches for the photo and picks it up.

36 BACK TO SCENE

Just as suddenly the vision ends. Sheila jumps, pressing herself against the wall. The vision leaves her stunned, shaking. She slowly starts to calm down.

Sheila walks to her work table. She looks at and touches various objects as if to verify their reality.

CUT TO:

37 INTERIOR - STUDIO DARKROOM - DAY

It is a half hour later and Sheila finishes developing the last still of the morning. Donald strolls in carrying a tape recorder under his arm.

DONALD
Good morning, sweetheart.

SHEILA
Where have you been?

Donald places the tape recorder on a table.

DONALD
I had to pick this thing up. It was supposed to be ready yesterday but the shop said. . .

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Where were you last night?

DONALD
I see we want answers to all our questions this morning.

SHEILA
I called you last night be there was no answer. I thought you went home.

DONALD
(grinning)
I got sidetracked on the way.

SHEILA
I can't get anybody on the phone these days. I'm supposed to have lunch with Elaine today at her new apartment but I can't reach her.

DONALD
Is something wrong?

SHEILA
Well, she mentioned something. . .

DONALD
I mean with you.

Sheila looks at him and gives him a smile.

SHEILA
Just working too hard.
(she pauses a moment)
I had another one last night. . .

DONALD
Another what?

SHEILA
I don't know what you call it. Like what happened yesterday afternoon.

DONALD
I don't remember too much about yesterday afternoon.

SHEILA
And about a half hour ago. . .

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED

Michelle slips into the darkroom.

MICHELLE
Hello.

SHEILA
(returning to her work)
Hi.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry.

DONALD
I'll say.

MICHELLE
(glares at him)
Not today, Donald.

SHEILA
Sorry about what?

MICHELLE
Yesterday at your opening. The whole thing. . .

SHEILA
Forget it.

MICHELLE
Robert's developing a new approach to our problems. He takes me out and then goes about making a complete ass out of himself.

DONALD
I disagree, Michelle. I think Robert's always been a half-ass.

MICHELLE
I said not today!

SHEILA
If the two of you stand around in my darkroom you find a way to get along with each other.

MICHELLE
Listen, I'll see you later.

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Michelle, I have something to tell you.

MICHELLE
See you after lunch.

Michelle slips out of the darkroom. Donald looks after her and starts to say something but Sheila cuts him off.

SHEILA
No comments, Donald. Can't you see what she's going through?

DONALD
She picked him.

SHEILA
You've never made mistakes?

DONALD
(thinks about it)
Yes, now that you mention it, I guess I have. Once three years ago. . .

SHEILA
I don't want to hear about it.

DONALD
He was a sailor.

SHEILA
I said I don't want to hear. . .

Suddenly Sheila stops what she is doing. She gets a strange, intense look on her face.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
How strange. . .

Donald stares past her in astonishment.

DONALD
Oh, my God. . .

SHEILA
You know who I was just thinking about?

Then she sees Donald's expression. She turns around.

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED

Standing in the doorway, his striking, handsome features etched in the negative red light, PHILLIP has a half-smile on his face.

PHILLIP
Hello, Sheila.

Sheila is stunned, incredulous. Obviously it was Phillip she was thinking about.

SHEILA
Hello, Phillip.

Phillip casts a slow, cold glance at Donald.

PHILLIP
I see some things never change around here.

DONALD
Like your charm, Phillip. We've missed you. Your should visit more often. I'll be breezing along, sweetheart.

Donald moves to the doorway.

SHEILA
Don't forget you promised to help me with the Cale session tomorrow.

DONALD
I won't.

Donald steps out of the darkroom. For a long moment Sheila and Phillip stare at each other. Finally Sheila begins packing up her equipment.

SHEILA
How are you, Phillip?

PHILLIP
Fine. I saw Michelle on the way in. She looks as good as ever.

SHEILA
I've never heard you say anything nice about Michelle in your life. Something must have happened to you. Jungle fever?

PHILLIP
Of course <u>you</u> look better than ever. It happens every time I see you. I forget how beautiful you are.

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Thank you.

PHILLIP
How about some lunch?

SHEILA
I have to go. I've got a location in fifteen minutes.

PHILLIP
(suddenly defensive)
You're having lunch with me.

SHEILA
I'm sorry but. . .

Suddenly Phillip gets very angry.

PHILLIP
Don't tell me you can't put off a location to see me! I won't hear that!

SHEILA
Because you won't listen. You were right in the beginning, Phillip. Some things never change.

Phillip calms down but his face is still flushed.

PHILLIP
All right, all right, I'm sorry. Look, let's have dinner tonight then.

SHEILA
Why?

That stops him.

PHILLIP
Well. . .

SHEILA
There isn't anything new to add to it all. You'll say the same things you said two years ago, I'll say the same things. We'll bore each other through the meal.

(CONT'D)

37 CONTINUED

PHILLIP
I flew all the way in to see you.

SHEILA
And boy are your arms tired!

Phillip doesn't react. His wounded expression remains.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
That was the problem with our marriage. We could never laugh at anything together.

PHILLIP
I only have a week before I have to go back to L.A.

Sheila sighs wearily and gives up. She gathers up her equipment.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
At least we can have dinner.

SHEILA
No, Phillip.

PHILLIP
Just dinner, Sheila. That's all.

SHEILA
No.

She walks out of the darkroom leaving him standing there.

CUT TO:

38 EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Sheila walks down an old-fashioned, tree-lined street of identical bay-windowed, four story red brick apartments, each with its cement stoop in the front. Her camera is in a small silver box, the fur coat collar up against the wind.

There is activity at the end of the block. A group of twenty or so people are gathered in a semicircle around the entrance to an alley. A cluster of police cars, their roof lights spinning, are parked at awkward angles in the street. Cars on the avenue begin to slow questioningly. Windows scrape open in neighboring buildings. An ambulance pulls up, its siren WAILING.

(CONT'D)

38 CONTINUED

Sheila checks the numbers on the houses. The alley is right next to Elaine's apartment. She glances around the crowd for some sign of Elaine but the photographer gets the best of her. She takes the camera out of its silver box, slings it around her neck, flips the cover off and takes shots of the milling crowd. Medics emerge from the alley carrying a stretcher. There is a MURMUR from the crowd and everybody is pushed back by uniformed OFFICERS.

OFFICER
Get back now! Everybody back!

Sheila is craning to see over people's shoulders. A coated back moves out of the way.

On the stretcher is a sheet covered body. The outline of the head is strange. Something is sticking straight up.

Sheila moves back out of the way to let the stretcher pass. As she does a woman's arm falls out from under the blanket. A GASP from the crowd.

Then, in a reflex motion, the arm twitches and suddenly lashes out, grabbing Sheila by the wrist. There is a bizarre struggle. Holding the camera with one hand Sheila tries to free herself.

Then the sheet slips down off the face. It is Elaine, watching Sheila with one dead eye. The other eye is gone, just an empty socket with a long, thin nail file protruding from it.

Sheila stares in horror at Elaine's face. Her eyes look into Elaine's single eye, rivoting together, linking.

A flash: a strange, high-pitched sound blots out all sounds for a second.

Sheila stares at something in Elaine's eye, in the iris. We can't see it. Sheila's finger hits the trigger of the camera and SNAPS a picture of Elaine's face.

A large, masculine hand pries Elaine's hand loose from Sheila's wrist. It is a MEDIC. He covers Elaine's face once again and glares at Sheila.

MEDIC
Just get back, lady!

(CONT'D)

38 CONTINUED

Sheila is unable to speak. She is pushed back roughly through the crowd. The medics place the body in the ambulance and it ROARS quickly away. The police disperse the crowd.

Sheila is shaking. She slowly wanders away down the street, stunned and alone, in shock.

CUT TO:

39 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S STUDIO - DAY

Michelle sits with Sheila in her empty studio. Sheila just stares at nothing. She unconsciously rubs the wrist that Elaine grasped. Michelle is crying.

MICHELLE
Why, for Christ's sake?
(she whispers as if addressing her)
Elaine. . .

SHEILA
Michelle, I think. . .I saw something. . .

Michelle looks at her curiously.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
In her eye. . .

MICHELLE
Come on, Sheila.

Sheila isn't listening to her. She opens the back of her camera and takes out the small, light-proof container of film.

SHEILA
Just for a second. . . I was staring at her and I saw a shape, a face in her eye. Not a reflection, a man's face.

She looks at Michelle pleadingly.

Then she hurls the film container across the studio. It hits the wall and CLATTERS down behind a stack of old props that are piled up against the wall.

Sheila breaks down, sobbing violently. Michelle puts her arms around her and they hold each other.

(CONT'D)

39 CONTINUED

Donald walks in the studio. The edge is off his sarcastic manner, and he is very calm. He watches Sheila and Michelle as they cry, then walks to them and embraces both of them.

The outer door bell RINGS.

DONALD
I'll take care of it.

39A EXTERIOR - ENTRANCE TO SHEILA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Neville is waiting by the door to the studio. He is dressed up for the evening.

The door opens and Donald looks out. He glares at Neville.

NEVILLE
Uh. . . is this eight-seven-nine Shaw. . .?

DONALD
(curtly)
Yes.

NEVILLE
Is Sheila Mars. . .?

DONALD
She's not here.

Neville looks very surprised.

DONALD (CONT'D)
A death in the family. She had to go out of town.

Before Neville can say anything Donald closes the door.

Neville stands for a moment considering the situation. He shakes his head slowly. It's either true or he's been stood up.

He turns and walks away down the snowy street.

CUT TO:

40 INTERIOR - OFFICE - DAY

The office in the police station is plain: white walls, a scarred, coffee-stained desk, a map of New York City on the wall, and dull gray filing cabinets everywhere.

Sheila is waiting, staring distractedly out the window. She is still shaken, dazed.

The door opens. Neville walks in carrying a folder full of papers. Sheila looks up in surprise.

NEVILLE
Hello, Miss Mars. Thank you for coming.

Sheila looks at him confused.

SHEILA
Oh. . .
(then incredulously)
Oh! A cop?

NEVILLE
Some of us are even art lovers.

SHEILA
I can't believe it.

NEVILLE
Sometimes I can't either.

She looks at him a moment.

SHEILA
Why didn't you come last night?

NEVILLE
I did.

Sheila understands and nods her head slowly.

SHEILA
What a way to meet again.

NEVILLE
I wonder if you'd mind coming with me for an hour or so?

CUT TO:

41 INTERIOR - UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Sheila and Neville zip along in his unmarked car. She looks at him out of the corner of her eye. Despite the terrible ordeal she is still attracted to him.

NEVILLE
I know you've already talked to the police. They brought me in to go over it all again. When I saw your name on the witness list I decided to talk to you myself.
(he glances at her)
I know how hard it is.

SHEILA
It's just that. . . sometimes I get this funny feeling. . . in some strange way I'm responsible for what happened.
(tears stream down her face)
There just wasn't a reason for it.

NEVILLE
That's why I was called in. I get the ones that have no suspects, no clues and no motives.

SHEILA
Then you're not a real cop?

NEVILLE
I'm a special investigator. Division of Crime Research and Detection. I'm an expert on a certain type of crime and criminal.

SHEILA
(grimly)
Let me guess.

NEVILLE
That's right. The crazies.

CUT TO:

42 EXTERIOR - ALLEY - DAY

Sheila and Neville walk up to the alley next to Elaine's apartment. Special Officer NORRIS, a tall, grayish man, nods to Neville.

(CONT'D)

42 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
Hello, Norris. It's cold.

NORRIS
Yes, sir.

NEVILLE
Norris, this is Sheila Mars.

NORRIS
Hello, Miss Mars.

SHEILA
Hello.

Sheila stands near the entrace to the alley, hesitant of stepping in. She looks like she wants to turn around and run away from it. Neville turns to her. He senses her revulsion. He gently touches her arm. She looks up at him.

NEVILLE
I need you to hang on for just a little while. You may be able to answer a couple of questions. Help me.

Sheila nods. She steps into the shade of the alley and sees a rough chalk outline of Elaine's body on the ground. There are chalk footprints at the approximate position the killer was standing.

NEVILLE(CONT'D)
We ready?

Norris checks his watch.

NORRIS
We got lucky today. The exact same weather.

(CONT'D)

42 CONTINUED

He begins to reconstruct the crime.

NORRIS (CONT'D)
Elaine Casseil came out of the front door of her apartment and started down the street. Her next door neighbor saw her leave wearing a coat, hat, gloves and golashes.

NEVILLE
We checked everything. No doctor's appointments, nothing at the gallery, no emergencies. She just up and left, in a hurry. Go on Norris.

NORRIS
Now, the killer is standing here. At this point the neighbor, who can't see the killer, testified she saw Elaine Casseil stop, look into the alley, hesitate a moment, and then step in.

Norris motions to Sheila.

NORRIS (CONT'D)
Stand right here in his footsteps.

Sheila obliges. She is blinded by the sunlight glinting off the smooth surface of a fire escape on the building across the alley. She moves to a different perspective but wherever she stands the sunlight obscures her vision of the street.

NORRIS (CONT'D)
The killer couldn't see into the street. Same weather, same time of day.

Sheila puts on her sunglasses. From her point of view it is difficult to make out Neville standing in the spot where Elaine was to have been standing.

(CONT'D)

42 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
It could be he wasn't sure who she was.

NORRIS
Now, Miss Mars, come over here.

Norris places Sheila in the exact spot where Elaine stood on the sidewalk.

SHEILA
(in amazement)
She could see into the alley perfectly. Which means . . .

She looks at Neville.

NEVILLE
She was looking right at him.

SHEILA
Why would she have gone to him?

NEVILLE
Maybe she recognized him.

SHEILA
(breathlessly)
Who could it have been?

NEVILLE
I was hoping you could answer that.

SHEILA
I don't know.

Neville turns to Norris.

NEVILLE
What else?

(CONT'D)

42 CONTINUED

NORRIS
The killer drew the weapon and struck Elaine Casseil in the left eye. Then, as far as we know, he just walked away.

CUT TO:

43 INTERIOR - UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Neville drives Sheila back along a city street.

NEVILLE
She could have recognized him and didn't feel there was anything to fear from him. Do you know anybody whom she might have even casually known . . .

SHEILA
No one.

NEVILLE
What about Phillip MacLean?

She quickly looks at him in surprise.

SHEILA
How do you know about Phillip?

NEVILLE
It's my job.

SHEILA
Phillip? That's impossible. Why would you suspect him?

Neville ignores the question.

NEVILLE
You've been divorced for over two years, haven't you?

(CONT'D)

43 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Yes.

NEVILLE
People change in a year.

SHEILA
Not that much.

NEVILLE
Sometimes you can get close to someone and then one day you don't know who they are.

SHEILA
I can't believe you suspect him.

NEVILLE
He's one of the people in Elaine's circle of acquaintances that we can't place during the time of the murder.

SHEILA
Who else?

Neville just smiles.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Me?

NEVILLE
We can't positively place you either. We have to explore everything.

SHEILA
Phillip knew Elaine. He knew all my friends. The only person he really doesn't know is me.

NEVILLE
Why do you say that?

43 CONTINUED

SHEILA
It was as much my fault as his. He couldn't accept photography in my life and didn't understand that something else besides a person could mean that much to me. I couldn't give him what he needed.

NEVILLE
Apparently Phillip knew Elaine a little better than anyone realized. We found his clothes at her apartment. He was staying with her since he got into New York.

SHEILA
(stunned)
Phillip and Elaine?

NEVILLE
Maybe he was trying to get at you.

Sheila just shakes her head slowly.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry if I upset you.

SHEILA
It's not that. Phillip and I were over with a long time ago. But the day she was killed Elaine wanted to tell me something. She had been tense for days. Maybe it was about Phillip.

For a moment they drive in silence.

NEVILLE
Any reason why Elaine might have left her apartment and your lunch date that day?

(CONT'D)

43 CONTINUED

SHEILA
None. That's what makes it so senseless.

NEVILLE
Just as senseless as the other thousands of motiveless killings in New York this year. Things have changed. Maybe things are changing so fast people can't keep up. It brings out the ones who kill for their own self-expression.

Sheila is thinking.

SHEILA
There was something.

NEVILLE
What?

SHEILA
I know this is going to sound crazy. . .

NEVILLE
That doesn't matter. What is it?

SHEILA
I thought I saw the face of a man in her eye. Not my own reflection, but this face, sort of glossed in, imprinted there.
(she looks at him sheepishly)
That does sound crazy, doesn't it?

He starts to say something.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Go ahead, tell the truth. It sounds ridiculous.

Again he opens his mouth to speak.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
That's enough.

They pull up in front of the police station. He turns to her.

(CONT'D)

43 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
Thanks for coming with me. I'm sorry to have put you through all this.

SHEILA
I'm sorry too.

NEVILLE
For what?

SHEILA
The other day at the gallery.

NEVILLE
Sorry?

SHEILA
If I'd have known that you were a cop. . .

NEVILLE
What would you have done?

SHEILA
Indecent exposure.

Neville smiles. Sheila opens the door and gets out of the car. She leans down to the window.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Well. . . goodbye.

Neville thinks about it a moment, then jumps out of the car.

43A EXTERIOR - STREET IN FRONT OF POLICE STATION - DAY

NEVILLE
Where are you going?

SHEILA
Nowhere.

NEVILLE
Come on, I'll go with you.

Sheila looks at him with surprise. He glances at the police station.

(CONT'D)

43A CONTINUED

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
They can get along without me for awhile.

Sheila smiles. They walk away from the station down the street.

CUT TO:

43B EXTERIOR - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Sheila and Neville walk through a beautifully snowy Central Park. The white snow covers the trees and lawns and big flakes of it drift through the crisp afternoon air.

NEVILLE
Why a photographer?

SHEILA
As opposed to a garbage collector?

NEVILLE
Or washing machine repairman.

SHEILA
Well, I guess it started when I was little. I thought I was invisible.

NEVILLE
Were you?

SHEILA
I was never sure, but I wanted to be. It just seemed like fun. Being invisible I could start looking at people. If they looked back, they wouldn't see me, so I was safe. I watched nose blowers, nose wipers, hair pullers, chin pickers, ankle scratchers and some I can't tell you about.

A pause. They continue walking. Sheila looks at him a moment, deep in thought.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
If I'd known you were a cop things might be different.

Neville glances at her.

(CONT'D)

43B CONTINUED

NEVILLE
Different?

SHEILA
Than they are now.

NEVILLE
How are they now?

SHEILA
Different.

NEVILLE
Than what?

SHEILA
Different than I expected they would be walking through Central Park with a cop.

NEVILLE
You like to go around in circles, don't you?

SHEILA
Only with members of Law Enforcement.

NEVILLE
My being a cop seems hard for you to accept.

SHEILA
No. The fact that I'm walking through Central Park with one is, though. Do you have a gun?

Neville is startled by the abruptness of the question. He nods.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Right now? On you?

NEVILLE
Wouldn't be any good to me if I left it at home.

SHEILA
Can I ask you something?

(CONT'D)

43B CONTINUED

NEVILLE
Ask me anything.

SHEILA
Have you ever used it? I mean, really used it?

Neville is silent for a moment. He blows out a frosty breath. Sheila sees the impact of a memory on Neville's face, the distant look in his eyes.

NEVILLE
Yes, I've used it before. When I was just a rookie, my partner and I were checking empty store fronts over on Grader Street near the docks. We woke up this old man, some wino who had gotten blind drunk and scared and crazy. He pulled a knife on my partner and tried to stab him. I hesitated, just for a second, because I thought I couldn't do it. Then I knew I could, because I had to, and I pulled the trigger. It stopped the old man, but not before he. . . killed my partner.
(he looks down at the snow)
It's one of those things you think you can get over, but then you keep waking up at night and realize you never will.

They walk a moment in silence. Sheila hooks Neville's arm.

SHEILA
You know something?

NEVILLE
What?

SHEILA
It's much better than I thought it would be.

Neville looks at her curiously.

NEVILLE
What is?

SHEILA
Walking through Central Park. . . with you.

(CONT'D)

43B CONTINUED

Neville puts his arm around her and they continue walking closer together.

CUT TO:

43C INTERIOR - FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sheila and Neville have a candlelight dinner in a French restaurant. They are LAUGHING, sipping wine, looking at each other.

NEVILLE
My apartment building. . . A case in point. Second floor, apartment twenty-two. The card on the door reads: Mr. H. T. Whippe, Day or Night. He turns out to be a middle-aged businessman who dresses in a gray suit, carries a briefcase, rides a motorcycle and has <u>black leather sheets</u> on his bed.

SHEILA
And how do you know about the sheets?

NEVILLE
One day I was passing by his apartment and he happened to open his door. His bed is in the front room, suspended from the ceiling by <u>chains</u>. And he's just one of them. Even you wouldn't believe the sickos who live in my building.

SHEILA
What do you mean "even me"?

NEVILLE
Just that you're probably more tolerant than I am.

SHEILA
Why do you say that?

NEVILLE
We live different lives. You take pictures of people and open in art galleries. I poke around in slimy dark corners and look for the crazies. It tends to harden you. . .

(CONT'D)

43C CONTINUED

SHEILA
Then why do you do it?

NEVILLE
Because I'm good at it.

SHEILA
Is there anything you don't have the quick answer to?

NEVILLE
Sure.

SHEILA
I'd love to hear it.

NEVILLE
How do I let myself get close to you?

Sheila is quietly startled at his words.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
With most people it's simple. It just happens to them. With me nothing is simple. I'm always looking for some twist, some dark corner somewhere, always covering myself, protecting. Occupational hazard. And now that I want to, I don't know how to let go.

SHEILA
If you don't have a quick answer, you'll just have to try the long one.

They look at each other for several moments.

CUT TO:

43D INTERIOR - APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sheila and Neville walk down the hallway and stop at her door.

SHEILA
It was a beautiful day. I almost forgot. . . about everything. . .

Neville kisses her. Tenderly. There is a beat as they look at each other.

(CONT'D)

43D CONTINUED

NEVILLE
I'd like to come in.

SHEILA
Not tonight.

NEVILLE
I understand.

She kisses him and steps in her door.

SHEILA
Goodnight.

She closes the door. Neville turns and walks down the hallway to the elevator. Something about his face has changed: a part of the hardness there has vanished.

CUT TO:

44 EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Sheila and Neville pull up in front of Elaine's apartment in his unmarked car. Sheila stands on the sidewalk, very quiet, subdued, her eyes covered with sunglasses. Neville stands next to her.

NEVILLE
Sure you don't want me to come in with you?

SHEILA
It's all right.

A cab pulls up and MARY CASSEIL gets out. A pretty girl of nineteen, she is Elaine's daughter. She pays the driver.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Mary?

MARY
Hi.

SHEILA
I'm Sheila Mars. This is John Neville.

44 CONTINUED

MARY
Hello.
(to Sheila)
I remember you from the funeral. Thanks for coming today. I really didn't know anybody else to call.

SHEILA
(to Neville)
We'll be finished in a few minutes.

Sheila and Mary start up the steps to the apartment building.

Suddenly Phillip wanders up from down the street, hurries up the steps and takes Sheila's arm. Sheila is startled. Seeing him, Mary gets a tight, drawn look on her face.

PHILLIP
(to Sheila)
Can I talk with you?

Neville quickly bounds up the steps and pulls Phillip's hand off of Sheila.

NEVILLE
Get your hands off of her!

PHILLIP
I just want to talk to her.

Neville stares hard at him. There is instant tension between the two men.

SHEILA
You have a fine sense of timing, Phillip.

PHILLIP
Please.

Sheila and Neville exchange glances. Neville walks back to the car. Mary looks at Sheila, avoiding Phillip.

MARY
I'll wait for you inside.

Mary walks into the apartment building leaving Sheila and Phillip alone on the steps.

(CONT'D)

44 CONTINUED

PHILLIP
I've been trying to get a hold of you for days. Listen. . . I'm sorry . . . about Elaine. . .

Sheila just looks at him.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
I am.

SHEILA
You don't seem to be.

PHILLIP
Yeah, well that's a problem of mine. I always seem to be something I'm not.

Phillip glances around at the bleak winter street.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Jesus, I hate New York. Always so cold, the snow and mush in the streets. . .
(he looks at her)
Sounds like me, doesn't it? Always bitching about something.

SHEILA
I've got to go.

PHILLIP
I wanted to hurt you, Sheila, before you had another chance to hurt me. Elaine and I. . . it was the only way I could figure to do it. I know I've said it, but. . . I am sorry.

SHEILA
You were the prime suspect for awhile. The police asked me if I thought you had any reason to kill Elaine.

PHILLIP
And what did you tell them?

SHEILA
No reason.

He exhales sharply.

(CONT'D)

44 CONTINUED

PHILLIP
Thanks.

SHEILA
You didn't hurt me, Phillip. I just lost a little more respect for you.

She walks on up into the apartment building. She glances over her shoulder and sees Phillip walking briskly away down the street. Over by his car Neville has been watching carefully.

CUT TO:

45 INTERIOR - ELAINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sheila walks in. Mary nervously gestures at the stacks of boxes in the rooms off the hall.

MARY
I really don't know what to do with all of it. Dad isn't going to have anything to do with it. He dumped the whole thing on me.

SHEILA
I'm sorry about Phillip. I didn't know he was going to be here.

MARY
It's all right.
(she glances around)
You know, I've never seen my Mom's apartment.

Mary and Sheila wander back through the apartment.

SHEILA
Neither have I. . . She moved in a month ago and. . .

Sheila steps from the hallway into the living room and abruptly freezes in one spot.

Across the living room is the window with purple curtains from her first vision.

(CONT'D)

45 CONTINUED

Next to the window is the bureau. Slowly Sheila walks up to it. On the top of the bureau is a small, clear line in the dust where a photograph might have been sitting.

Sheila just stares at the bureau, not moving, barely breathing.

CUT TO:

46 DELETED

47 EXTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Neville's car pulls up in front of Sheila's apartment building. Sheila and Neville stand together for a moment on the street.

NEVILLE
I'll be by later.

SHEILA
It's all right, I can take of myself.

NEVILLE
I don't doubt that.
(he kisses her)
But I'll be by anyway.

Neville sees Sheila's hands trembling as she reaches for a cigarette.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
You all right?

SHEILA
Sure.

NEVILLE
(tenderly)
You're a strong lady.

Neville gets in his car. Sheila watches him drive off hurriedly down the street. She tosses away her cigarette and ducks down the alley to the side entrance.

As she reaches the side door she stops.

(CONT'D)

47 CONTINUED

Nothing. Wind WHISTLING down the empty alley. The distant pneumatic HISSING of a bus.

48 INTERIOR - LOBBY - DAY

Sheila walks past the reception desk, nods a quick 'hello' to Arthur, checks her mailbox, then walks through the lobby to the elevator.

49 INTERIOR - ELEVATOR - DAY

Sheila cranks the knob and the elevator starts up. She leans against the side, her eyes closed for a moment.

Then the high-pitched WHINE again, slamming in out of nowhere.

50 SHEILA'S POV - THIRD VISION

We are in a small, dim, dingy room. The gloved hands hold up a wrapped package that is roughly in the shape of a long, thin knife.

51 BACK TO SCENE

In the elevator Sheila is horribly transfixed by the vision that has replaced her normal sight. She presses herself back against the side, clinging to the brass handrail, unable to see anything around her.

52 SHEILA'S POV - THIRD VISION

The gloved hands rip off the wrapping paper. The object is an ice pick, glinting evilly.

53 BACK TO SCENE

And then the vision is gone. Sheila stumbles forward in the elevator, her breath BLASTING hotly, her arms thrashing for balance. She falls against the elevator handle

The cab lurches to a stop six inches above the third floor rail just as the door open and Mrs. Burlington looks in. She climbs in and helps Sheila to her feet.

MRS. BURLINGTON
What's wrong?

(CONT'D)

53 CONTINUED

Sheila finally gets control of herself.

SHEILA
Nothing. I'm all right.

MRS. BURLINGTON
That's nothing?

Mrs. Burlington brings the elevator down flush to three.

SHEILA
I just. . . I want to go up to my apartment.

Mrs. Burlington nods and cranks the handle.

MRS. BURLINGTON
Then I'm taking you.

The elevator starts up.

54 thru 59 DELETED

CUT TO:

60 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila is in her apartment alone. She paces back and forth restlessly. She is wound up tight, racked with tension and fear. Finally she makes up her mind.

CUT TO:

61 EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Sheila gets out of a taxi and walks quickly to the front door of her studio. She unlocks the door and enters.

62 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Sheila walks directly to the stack of old props against the wall. She gets down on her knees and begins searching around frantically. She is in a near-panic, thrashing her hand wildly, bumping into props and knocking them over.

(CONT'D)

62 CONTINUED

Then her hand closes around the small film container she had thrown away.

Behind her two feet step into shot. Sheila senses it and stands up quickly. It is Phillip.

PHILLIP
I didn't mean to scare you.

She backs away from him.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

SHEILA
You just keep popping up all the time. What do you want?

PHILLIP
I'm leaving for L.A. tonight. I came over to ask you to come back with me.

Sheila shakes her head and impatiently pushes past him.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
You're going to walk out without even giving me an answer?

She stops at the door.

SHEILA
I've given you the answer one hundred and ninety-four times! Now I'm locking up. You either come on out or spend the night inside.

He walks outside and she locks up the studio.

63 EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Sheila walks quickly to the waiting taxi, Phillip following.

PHILLIP
Can we just talk it over? At least we can do that.

(CONT'D)

63 CONTINUED

She starts to open the taxi door. Phillip sees her hands are shaking.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

Sheila looks at him angrily.

SHEILA
It's over, Phillip. It's been over for a long time. I've accepted it. Now I want you to do the same.

Sheila gets in the taxi and it pulls away.

His face flushed with anger, Phillip strides away into the night.

CUT TO:

64 INTERIOR - APARTMENT DARKROOM - NIGHT

In the negative red light of her small apartment darkroom, actually a small converted den, Sheila lays a piece of photographic paper in the developer tray.

Slowly an image fades on to white photographic paper. It is the face of Elaine, staring into the camera with her good eye, just at the moment of death.

Sheila stares at the photograph. She adjusts the lens on the enlargement camera.

CUT TO:

Another image fades on white paper: a closer shot of Elaine's face cropping out the empty eye socket and nail file, focused in on Elaine's single eye.

CUT TO:

A third enlargement: just the eye itself, filling the paper.

CUT TO:

65 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

a 40" x 40" enlargement of Elaine's eye, wide open, staring, glazed in death, is propped up against the mantle in the darkened living room.

Sheila stares at the picture, scrutinizing the details, the shadings, the flecks. She is engrossed in the photograph. There is a morbid fascination in her. She almost wants to look away but cannot.

66 CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

In the fine blotches of the iris there is almost the outline of a man's face. Almost. It could just be a shadow.

67 BACK TO SCENE

Sheila is convinced. She picks up the telephone.

CUT TO:

67A INTERIOR - COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Neville is seated at a table in a dimly lit coffee shop. He looks at his watch impatiently.

Finally Sheila hurries in and sits down across from him.

NEVILLE
Hello there.

SHEILA
I've got it right here.

She opens a long manila envelope and pulls out a <u>negative transparency</u> enlargement of the blow-up of Elaine's eye. She hands it to Neville.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Take a look. In the iris. You should be able to see it better in negative.

Neville tries to look at the transparency but the light in the coffee shop is too dim.

(CONT'D)

67A CONTINUED

NEVILLE
I can't see a damn thing.

SHEILA
It's the light in here.

NEVILLE
Come on, there's a strong light in the men's room.

SHEILA
Where?

He gets up.

NEVILLE
Come on.

67B INTERIOR - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sheila and Neville step into a crummy-looking men's room. Neville holds the negative transparency up to the single light bult in the ceiling and stares at it.

SHEILA
Can you see it?

NEVILLE
I'm looking.

A CUSTOMER steps out from the stall in the rear, looks at Sheila darkly and walks out of the men's room.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
I don't see a thing.

SHEILA
(desperately)
What?

He turns and glances down at her, through the transparency, and sees the expression in her eyes.

NEVILLE
The light in here isn't much better . . .

SHEILA
It's there, in the iris. . .

(CONT'D)

67B CONTINUED

Neville looks at his watch again.

NEVILLE
I've got to go. I'm due on stake-out right now.

She looks at him pleadingly.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
I'll take it by to the lab on my way there. They can look at it, analyze it and tell if. . .

SHEILA
You don't see it?

NEVILLE
No, I don't.

67C EXTERIOR - COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

They walk out of the coffee shop to the parking lot. Neville opens the door to his unmarked car.

NEVILLE
Will you be home later on?

Sheila says nothing. She stares anxiously off into the darkness of the street, thinking.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
Sheila!

SHEILA
Get going, you'll miss your stake-out.

He pauses a moment, tries to think of something else to say, fails, then gets in his car and drives away.

Sheila watches his car disappear.

CUT TO:

68 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michelle, looking as if she just awoke, stares horrified at the enlargement. Sheila is behind her.

(CONT'D)

68 CONTINUED

SHEILA
There, in the iris. A face, just as if her eye was like a piece of photographic film, and imprinted there was the last thing she saw. . . the face of the man who killed her!

MICHELLE
(incredulously)
When did you do this?

SHEILA
Earlier tonight.
(impatiently)

Do you see anything in there?

Michelle walks up and looks closely at the photo, at the iris. She speaks quietly, giving Sheila every benefit.

MICHELLE
I can't tell. . .

SHEILA
Can't you see it? Just the outline, the shape of the head, there, and there. . .

MICHELLE
Well, now that you've told me . . . if you'd said a giraffe or a rabbit . . .

Sheila turns on her savagely.

SHEILA
What the hell's wrong with you? Just look at the damn thing and tell me if you see it. That doesn't seem like an awful lot to ask . . .

Then Sheila stops. She exhales sharply.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
(very softly)
God, Michelle, what's wrong with me?

CUT TO:

69 INTERIOR - DELICATESSEN - NIGHT

Sheila and Michelle sit at the delicatessen next door. They are in a booth in the back of the room, drinking coffee, talking.

SHEILA
When you dream something, it's far away. Things are hazy, distant. These. . . flashes are different. They're real. I think I'm somebody else. No, that's not it. I can't explain it exactly. . . it's being removed . . . I had . . . man's hands.

MICHELLE
Look, you saw something that most people never have to see in their lives. One of your friends was killed. The whole experience in the alley, her hand grabbing you . . .

At the thought Sheila shivers uncontrollably.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
This is all like an escape valve. It's letting go of what's bottled up inside.

SHEILA
They're hallucinations? But what about Elaine's apartment? The window, the curtains, the missing picture?

MICHELLE
Deja vous. Prior experience. Everyone has it at one time or another. You're mourning Elaine's death, Sheila. It's natural. You've got to realize that.

Sheila looks at her. She has calmed down.

SHEILA
All right. What do I do?

MICHELLE
Well, first we get rid of something.

Michelle leaves the money for the coffee on the counter and she and Sheila leave the delicatessen.

(CONT'D)

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Michelle leaves the money for the coffee on the counter and she and Sheila leave the delicatessen.

(CONT'D)

69 CONTINUED

George steps in from the hallway. He watches them leave, he picks up the money and rings it up on the cash register.

CUT TO:

70 EXTERIOR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sheila and Michelle are standing in the parking lot behind Sheila's apartment building. Michelle pours lighter fluid all over the enlargement of Elaine's eye. Sheila watches mutely.

MICHELLE
Is this all of them?

Sheila nods.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
What about the negative?

Sheila says nothing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Give me the negative, Sheila.

SHEILA
I can't. There's something else on it.

MICHELLE
Sheila . . .

SHEILA
Just get on with it.

Michelle lights a match, throws it on the photos and steps back. They go up with a big WHOOSH.

Through the flames the eye begins to burn, blacken, curl and twist as if alive.

Sheila stares at the pyre, the orange glow illuminating her face.

CUT TO:

71 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila plops exhaustedly on the couch. Michelle heads for the kitchen.

MICHELLE
You got anything to eat?

Sheila stares vacantly.

SHEILA
Huh?

MICHELLE
I'm hungry.

SHEILA
We were just down at the deli.

MICHELLE
I wasn't hungry then. Anything in the refrigerator?

SHEILA
Four ice cubes and a light bulb, but you can't have them, I'm expecting someone later for dinner.

Michelle comes back into the living room smiling warmly at Sheila's humor.

MICHELLE
That's more like it.

SHEILA
I'm known for the quick recovery. Look, if you're really hungry we can order out.

MICHELLE
I've got to go.

SHEILA
How are things?

MICHELLE
They never seem to change. The ten per cent that's great is . . . great. The rest of the time we fight. What about your cop?

(CONT'D)

71 CONTINUED

SHEILA
My cop? I wish he was.

MICHELLE
Too bad about Phillip.

SHEILA
I don't know what's happened to him.

MICHELLE
You. I'll call you tomorrow.

SHEILA
Michelle . . . Thank you.

Michelle embraces Sheila.

MICHELLE
Sometimes it just gets too much and we all go a little big crazy.

SHEILA
Some of us more than others.

MICHELLE
Goodnight.

SHEILA
Goodnight.

CUT TO:

72 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later that night Sheila is in bed, tossing fitfully, trying to get to sleep.

Finally she settles down. Her face relaxes. Her mouth opens slightly. She falls asleep.

WE MOVE INTO A CLOSE-SHOT OF HER EYES.

73 SHEILA'S POV - FOURTH VISION

This time it is a constant image. Through someone's eyes we are walking along a tree-lined street, then up to an apartment house, up to a window, peering inside. Darkness.

(CONT'D)

73 CONTINUED

Then on to another window, then another, agitated, restless, haunted.

74 BACK TO SCENE

Sheila struggles in her sleep, moving her head, her eyelids barely fluttering.

75 SHEILA'S POV - FOURTH VISION

The vision peers in another window. Inside the apartment Robert can be seen arguing with someone hidden from view. The vision watches Robert as he finally screams something (no sounds can be heard), picks up his coat and stalks out.

The vision rotates to the steps of the apartment building. Robert comes bustling out and walks away down the street.

Then the vision turns back to the window. Inside is Michelle, sitting in a chair, crying.

76 BACK TO SCENE

Sheila MOANS loudly, her forehead beaded with sweat. She shakes her head back and forth.

77 SHEILA'S POV - FOURTH VISION

The vision moves up the stairs into the apartment building, up to a door. The same black gloved hand rings the doorbell.

The door opens a little. Michelle is on the other side, looking out expectantly, her eyes red from crying. She frowns, looking right at the vision. There is a curious expression on her face. It's obvious she recognizes whoever is behind the vision.

The vision moves inside the room, rotating to close the door, then back to Michelle. She is saying something. Then the gloved hand comes into view holding the huge, hideously gleaming ice pick.

78 BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly Sheila sits upright in bed. She SCREAMS out, opens her eyes and stares around wildly, GASPING, clawing at the

(CONT'D)

78 CONTINUED

air with her hands. She can still see the vision and not her own bedroom.

79 SHEILA'S POV - FOURTH VISION

One gloved hand holds Michelle by her hair. Michelle screams without sound. Then the other gloved hand drives the ice pick into Michelle's left eye.

80 BACK TO SCENE

Sheila SCREAMS again in absolute horror.

81 SHEILA'S POV - FOURTH VISION

The gloved hand moves again. The blade sinks into her other eye. Michelle falls like a rag doll to the floor. The vision turns to the door, moves for it.

82 BACK TO SCENE

Sheila collapses on the bed, crying and shaking, her entire body racked with icy fear.

83 SHEILA'S POV - FOURTH VISION

The vision moves out into the street, glances from side to side, then moves up to a trash can on the sidewalk. The hands wipe the blade and handle clean and drop the ice pick inside.

The vision fades.

84 BACK TO SCENE

Able to see through her own eyes again Sheila stumbles up out of bed and dials Michelle's number. No answer.

Then Sheila dials again. Neville's number.

SHEILA
Hello, hello? Norris? This is Sheila Mars. Is John there? You've got to help me, this is an emergency.

CUT TO:

85 EXTERIOR - MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The sun is barely over the horizon when Sheila pulls up in front of Michelle's apartment building. POLICE are everywhere. She is stopped at the steps by Norris.

NORRIS
I'm sorry, I can't let you through.

SHEILA
But I called you!

NORRIS
I'm sorry.

SHEILA
(frantically)
Where did they take her?

NORRIS
I've been instructed. . .

SHEILA
Which morgue? Please!

Norris looks at her a moment.

NORRIS
East Fifty-fourth.

CUT TO:

86 INTERIOR - MORGUE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The MORGUE TECHNICIAN is a hard-looking man of fifty-three seated behind a reception desk. Sheila stands in front of him, dread and terror still clinging to her.

MORGUE TECHNICIAN
(checking his list)
Are you next of kin?

Sheila shakes her head.

MORGUE TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Then I can't let you in.

SHEILA
I was the one who called the police!

(CONT'D)

86 CONTINUED

MORGUE TECHNICIAN
I'm sorry lady, it's against orders.

Neville walks into the reception area. He sees Sheila and stops. He stares at her.

NEVILLE
How did you know?

Sheila looks at him. Neville can see the fear ravaging inside her.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
Sheila . . .

SHEILA
I want to see her.

NEVILLE
No you don't.

SHEILA
It was both eyes this time.

Neville just looks at her.

CUT TO:

87 INTERIOR - MORGUE - DAY

Sheila and Neville walk past a wall filled with metal sarcophaguses. They stop and Neville opens one and pulls out a wrapped body on a slab. He pulls down the sheet.

We see from the expression on Sheila's face that the details of her vision were true. She looks at Neville.

SHEILA
She was killed an hour ago with an ice pick. I can take you to it.

CUT TO:

88 EXTERIOR - MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Neville pulls open the trash can lid and digs out the ice pick. He looks up at Sheila standing several feet away. He inspects the blade.

(CONT'D)

88 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
Wiped clean.

Neville hands it to another OFFICER.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
Have it checked anyway.

Robert is being escorted to a squad car by two POLICEMEN. He is shoved in the back. Sheila walks over to the squad car and looks in at him. He glances up at her with an anguished look.

ROBERT
I loved her. . . I wouldn't do that. . .

Sheila turns from the car and walks up to Neville.

SHEILA
It isn't him.

Neville gestures to the driver and the squad car pulls away.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
You don't understand, I saw it!

Neville looks at her. He puts his hands gently on her shoulders.

NEVILLE
Slowly, now. How did you know where the ice pick was, Sheila?

SHEILA
He held his hand up and I saw it in front of his eyes, and then I saw him throw it in there.

Neville continues to look at her.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Not a dream, not a vision out of my head, I was inside his body, seeing through his eyes!

There is a pause. Neville puts his arm around her.

(CONT'D)

88 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
(softly)
Let me take you home.

CUT TO:

89 INTERIOR - UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Neville drives Sheila back to her apartment. She is near a breakdown. The fear has a hold of her.

Neville is on the two-way radio.

POLICE ANNOUNCER
(over radio, filtered)
The plane left Kennedy Airport at seven fifty-five, over.

Neville glances at Sheila.

NEVILLE
That puts him out of the running. Phillip's plane was in the air when. . .

Sheila nods silently.

NEVILLE
(into two-way)
Get me a rundown on him when he arrives in L.A. If you have to put a call through to the LAPD, do it. Get back to me the moment there's any word.

He hangs up the two-way microphone.

SHEILA
What about the negative transparency?

Neville exhales.

NEVILLE
They couldn't specifically identify anything. Just a photograph.

Sheila stares blankly at the passing lights.

CUT TO:

90 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sheila sits in her living room staring out at the snow-covered buildings. Neville stands behind her.

SHEILA
Why Michelle? Why my friends?

She turns and looks at Neville.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
(shrieking)
WHY CAN I SEE?

Looking down on the living room Sheila is a small, huddled-up figure sobbing hysterically.

Neville walks over to her. He bends down to her, taking her in his arms, softly, holding her.

CUT TO:

91 EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

It is later in the afternoon. Sheila and Neville are walking arm in arm along a city street past various brightly-lit shops and salons. They have been walking since morning.

SHEILA
This can't happen to me. I haven't done anything to start it. I was just a normal little girl. I went to school, I ate breakfast, I went to the movies and once they threw me out for laughing too loud. Other than that, nothing sinister. No dark signs. Except, I had a Great Aunt who hated me.

NEVILLE
Why did she hate you?

SHEILA
I could never eat the yokes of eggs. Only the whites. My Great Aunt took that personally. She told me I was crazy.

She looks at Neville.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I'm not, you know.

(CONT'D)

91 CONTINUED

Sheila points to a DERELICT across the street standing in front of a street lamp.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Now he's crazy. He's talking to that street light.

NEVILLE
He's not crazy because he's talking to it. He is if he expects it to answer him.

CUT TO:

92 INTERIOR - NEVILLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Neville's apartment is a small, three room lower half of a fourplex. The apartment is warm and nicely furnished. Oil paintings fill the walls. Sheila and Neville step in from the cold afternoon. Sheila takes off her coat and stares at the paintings.

SHEILA
You really do collect works of art.

NEVILLE
Why does that surprise you?

SHEILA
I don't know. I never associated Rembrandt with law enforcement.

NEVILLE
I'm always playing against the type.

Neville goes into the kitchen. Sheila continues to look around the room. She stops by a photograph.

SHEILA
This is an ugly-looking little girl. Is she a relative?

NEVILLE
(o.s.)
It's me.

SHEILA
Oh.

(CONT'D)

92 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
(o.s.)
My mother sent it to me when I joined the force. She said I should have a constant reminder of what I was like.

SHEILA
How nice of her.
(under her breath)
No wonder you didn't want me to take your picture.

CUT TO:

93 INTERIOR - NEVILLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila and Neville eat dinner. The snow falls heavily outside the window. Sheila looks away from the meal. She stares into space.

NEVILLE
I know I'm not a fancy cook, but it can't be that bad.

Sheila looks at him.

SHEILA
Do you believe me?

NEVILLE
That you can see through the eyes of a psychotic killer who punches the eyes out of his victims?

Sheila looks away as it does sound impossible.

SHEILA
How did I know the ice pick was in the trash can?

NEVILLE
I don't know. But there were no prints on it, no proof that it was the murder weapon.

(CONT'D)

93 CONTINUED

SHEILA
The only other explanation is that I put it there myself and, of course, that I'm completely and totally insane.

Neville reaches out and touches her arm.

NEVILLE
Someone has killed two of your friends. Sheila, being sane means being able to live while surrounded by horror, cruelty, violent death, the sickness of the world. We screen all this from our minds. We can do it as long as we don't lose our basic defenses. When someone says, "The world is too horrible, I can't face it", he actually sees the truth too clearly. He no longer has the normal illusions that keep the horror away.

SHEILA
Then I planted the ice pick and imagined the rest of it?

Sheila gets up from the table and walks to the window. She watches the snow fall silently outside.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
The awful thing is that I just don't know for sure. I just don't know. . .

Neville walks to her and puts his arms around her.

NEVILLE
I won't let anything happen to you.

She turns in his arms and looks up in his face.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
I take that back.

He kisses her.

CUT TO:

94 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is later. Sheila and Neville are curled up together under a huge blanket in front of a crackling fire. They have just made love. They watch the snow whisking down outside the picture window back in Sheila's apartment.

Both of them have been drinking wine, and they are both getting very high.

NEVILLE
I was working on a case once when one of my staff showed me something unbelievable.

Sheila rolls over and begins fiddling with the tape recorder lying near her on the floor.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
This guy was in electronics and at eleven o'clock one night he photographed this parking lot on forty-eighth street.

Sheila threads the tape.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
Are you listening?

SHEILA
Of course I am.

NEVILLE
Well, then this guy waited and he took another photograph from the same spot at two o'clock when the lot was vacant, this time with infra red light.

Sheila has the tape recorder threaded up. She snuggles back down in the blanket, a remote microphone in one hand, a glass of wine in the other.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
The picture showed a lot full of cars. The two photos were identical.

(CONT'D)

94 CONTINUED

Sheila CLICKS the button on the remote microphone. The tape recorder begins recording.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
The infra red picked up the images of the cars after they'd gone. I can't give you an explanation for it, but that doesn't mean it didn't . . .

SHEILA
John . . .

NEVILLE
Hmmm?

SHEILA
(singing)
"Happy Birthday to You . . ."

NEVILLE
It's not my birthday.

SHEILA
"Happy Birthday to You . . ."

NEVILLE
But it's not my birthday.

SHEILA
"Happy Admission Day to You . . ."

NEVILLE
Admission Day?

SHEILA
The first time I ever made love, that's what my boyfriend called it. "Admission Day." And you want to know something else?

NEVILLE
Sure.

(CONT'D)

94 CONTINUED

SHEILA
I've just made love to you for the first time and I don't know what to call it.

NEVILLE
Veteran's Day? D-Day?

SHEILA
Or maybe Father's Day!

NEVILLE
Oh no . . .

LAUGHING, embracing, kissing, they roll together under the blanket.

SHEILA
It's the wine. I say things . . . stupid things . . . sing stupid songs . . .

NEVILLE
By the way, I finally found the answer to that question.

SHEILA
What question?

NEVILLE
How to get close to you?

SHEILA
I thought we already figured that out.

NEVILLE
Maybe you did. It took me a little longer.

SHEILA
So what's the answer?

(CONT'D)

94 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
Here I am.
(he softly touches her face)
I love you, Sheila. I love you.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

95 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The sun is coming up and the apartment is getting light. Sheila and Neville are still curled up in the same position. Neville is awake. He looks at Sheila, sound asleep. Her face is exhausted. He smiles, tenderly.

Then he very quietly and carefully untangles himself from her and walks over to the telephone. He dials and waits.

NEVILLE
(softly, into telephone)
This is John Neville, Department Forty-A. Code Five.
(pause)
What is the present status of the suspects?
(another pause)
What time was he released? Uh-huh. I want a man on him. Keep a man on Donald Maitland, and I want an officer on Sheila Mars, one-one-three Forty-Eighth Street. I want a phone call every time she makes a move.

CUT TO:

96 INTERIOR - POLICE STATION - DAY

Sheila walks into the police station. It is frantic: plain-clothes DETECTIVES, uniformed OFFICERS, and CLERKS rushing everywhere. Sheila is still on edge. The fear lingers in her, grief vising her features.

97 INTERIOR - OFFICE - DAY

Covering most of one wall of Neville's office are the photographs of Elaine and Michelle's murder. Sheila averts her eyes from the wall. On another wall hangs a chart: location of both crimes, dates, time of day, weather, age and background of victims, nature of injury, details of autopsy, etc.

There is also a list of suspects. Sheila, Phillip and Donald's name have been crossed off.

Sheila sits down and waits for Neville to get off the phone.

NEVILLE
All leaves are cancelled. All detectives are immediately assigned to this office. Yes, I realize that. And I've ordered a roundup of all known sex offenders. We're running a check on every man released from a mental institution in the past two years. Yeah, yeah, I'll get back to you.

He hangs up the phone and smiles at Sheila.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

Sheila just smiles.

SHEILA
You look exhausted.

NEVILLE
Couldn't sleep.

(CONT'D)

97 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Anything?

NEVILLE
Less than we had. No suspects now, no evidence, back to zero.

Sheila points to the list on the wall.

SHEILA
You don't still suspect me?

Neville grins at her.

NEVILLE
You know better than that.

SHEILA
Then what about the man who's been following me since I left my apartment this morning?

NEVILLE
He's for your protection.

Sheila looks at him for a beat.

SHEILA
He's after me . . . ?

NEVILLE
Or someone close to you, or someone you once knew . . .

SHEILA
What a Christmas . . .

Neville walks over to her, kneels in front of her and takes her hand.

NEVILLE
I don't want you alone tonight.

SHEILA
I talked to Donald this morning. He's forcing me into this party.

(CONT'D)

97 CONTINUED

Neville gets a concerned look.

NEVILLE
Sheila . . .

SHEILA
I thought you said Donald wasn't a suspect.

NEVILLE
He isn't really, but . . .

SHEILA
Then it's going to be easier for you. You only have to assign one man to cover the party and watch both of us.

She stands up, kisses him and starts out of his office.

NEVILLE
Sheila.

She turns to him.

SHEILA
Yes?

NEVILLE
There's always Christmas day.

SHEILA
You've got yourself a deal.

CUT TO:

98 EXTERIOR - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT

A PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVE stands across the street from a Brooklyn Heights apartment building. He is a heavy-set man in his forties, balding, very plain and practical.

(CONT'D)

98 CONTINUED

He watches the third floor of the apartment, then walks up the sidewalk to his car. He pulls a microphone off the dashboard.

DETECTIVE
This is One Arthur Seventeen. Subject has just entered Fifty-Five Holland Avenue. Apartment Nine. Standing by.

CUT TO:

99 INTERIOR - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila walks into the plush apartment. It is dark and smoky inside. Surly, broad-shaded low-slung lamps bathe everything in a soft amber. Sheila carries a large, wrapped, rectangular package under her arm.

Everywhere there are MEN dressed as women, dancing together, camping. The only giveaway that this is a Christmas party is the tree in the corner filled with balls and lights and wrapped packages underneath it.

Sheila stands off from the collection of homosexuals scattered about the apartment in vibrant knots of conversation. She looks ill at ease, tense.

Donald comes into the room dressed as Santa Claus. He is intoxicated, as usual. He sneaks up behind Sheila and taps her on the shoulder. She turns around and he holds up a bottle of J & B Scotch.

DONALD
A little Christmas queer?

For a moment Sheila blankly stares at him, then bursts into LAUGHTER. The depression and tension begin to lift.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I'm glad you could come.
(he glances around the room)
I should have come as Mrs. Claus.

He quickly pours her a glass of J & B.

SHEILA
This is wrong.

(CONT'D)
CUT TO:

99 CONTINUED

DONALD
Why?

SHEILA
You know why.

DONALD
Like I told you, I'm not the funeral type. Now if you consider this a wake. . .

SHEILA
Christmas Eve? Oh, by the way, I have something to show you.

Sheila unwraps the package. It is a beautiful oil painting.

DONALD
It's gorgeous.

SHEILA
A present for John. Only I can't figure any way to get it to his apartment while he isn't there.

DONALD
Why not just drive it there?

Sheila walks to the window and pulls open the drapes. She points to a car across the street. In it sits the plain-clothes detective.

SHEILA
He follows me everywhere and reports in to John each time I make a move.

Sheila waves to the cop. He waves back.

DONALD
Why don't you just tell him what you want to do?

SHEILA
Because he has to call, no matter where I go.

DONALD
John obviously feels you need a man around you at all times. But don't we all?

CUT TO:

100 &
101 DELETED

102 INTERIOR - APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

A few minutes later Sheila and Donald are in the kitchen. Their old comaraderie has returned. They are LAUGHING and joking together.

DONALD
It's good to see you like yourself again.

SHEILA
It still feels wrong to laugh at anything.

DONALD
You can't let it stop your life. You have to keep living.

SHEILA
What about you?

Donald gets serious. He drops the sarcastic tone in his voice.

DONALD
You know me. I never liked Elaine or Michelle. But I would never wish anyone dead.
(then he grins)
There are some of us who are principled as well as liberated.

Suddenly an idea hits Sheila. She turns to Donald.

SHEILA
I've got it.

DONALD
What?

SHEILA
I've got a way to deliver John's present.

CUT TO:

103 EXTERIOR - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT

The plain-clothes detective watches a figure dressed like Sheila come out of the apartment and start down the street in the opposite direction.

The detective picks up the microphone.

DETECTIVE
This is One Arthur Seventeen. Subject left the party, walking east on Holland Avenue.

The detective gets in his car, starts it up, and pull away down the street, following the figure several car lengths behind.

104 REVERSE ANGLE

We see that it is Donald dressed in Sheila's clothes. Behind him cruises the surveillance car.

105 ANGLE ON BROOKLYN HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT

As Donald and the surveillance car turn the corner Sheila comes bustling out of the apartment dressed in Donald's Santa Claus suit. She jumps in Donald's car, a BMW, and pulls away.

106 ANGLE ON DONALD

The detective pulls up next to Donald. Donald turns to him, exposing the fraud.

DONALD
Looking for a little action, officer?

The detective stops the car, spins it around and ROARS off down the street.

CUT TO:

107 INTERIOR - DONALD'S CAR - NIGHT

Sheila is driving across the Brooklyn bridge. She is calmer now, happy with the idea of delivering Neville's present.

108 SHEILA'S POV

The bridge ahead, supports and light poles moving past.

109 BACK TO SHEILA

looking at the bridge.

110 SHEILA'S POV

A car ahead of her, moving slowly.

111 BACK TO SHEILA

accelerating, pulling into the left lane of the bridge.

112 SHEILA'S POV

passing the car, moving faster.

113 BACK TO SHEILA

She glances in the rear view mirror.

114 ANGLE ON REAR VIEW MIRROR

The surveillance car is right behind her. The plain-clothes detective seems to be frantically signalling her.

115 BACK TO SHEILA

She gets a puzzled expression.

Then suddenly the high-pitched WHINE hits her.

116 SHEILA'S POV - FIFTH VISION

The view of the bridge in front of the car disappears and becomes the fifth vision peering through a slit in a service closet looking down a flight of stairs. The closet is at a landing in the stairs.

117 BACK TO SHEILA

She blinks her eyes, trying to see.

SHEILA
No!

118 ANGLE ON SHEILA'S CAR

moving fast, beginning to weave.

119 BACK TO SHEILA

grasping the wheel, seeing:

120 SHEILA'S POV - FIFTH VISION

Through the vision, at the bottom of the stairs, is Donald, still in Sheila's clothes, trudging up toward the service closet and the landing.

121 ANGLE ON DETECTIVE

He watches in horror as Sheila's car slides all over the bridge, SCREECHING wildly.

122 ANGLE ON SHEILA

vising the wheel, she tries to hit the brakes. She sees:

123 SHEILA'S POV - FIFTH VISION

Through the slit in the doorway, Donald is halfway up the stairs.

124 ANGLE ON SHEILA'S CAR

going wild on the bridge.

125 BACK TO SHEILA

in terror.

126 SHEILA'S POV - FIFTH VISION

Donald is three-fourths up the stairs.

Then the door swings open and the vision whips forward. Donald looks up in surprised shock.

(CONT'D)

126 CONTINUED

A man's gloved hands grabs him and drives a screw driver into his eyes.

127 BACK TO SHEILA

She SCREAMS in horror.

128 ANGLE ON BRIDGE

Her car lurches across the bridge, sliding, spinning, going too fast. It hits the railing, flips over, skitters back across and SLAMS into the center divider.

129 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S CAR

Sheila's head WHAPS into the steering wheel. She is thrown back in the seat.

130 SHEILA'S POV - FIFTH VISION

The vision of Donald lying on the stairs, his eyes punched out, slowly FADES.

131 ANGLE ON BRIDGE

The detective's car SCREECHES to a stop. He jumps out and races toward Sheila who is crawling out of the wreck. Just as he reaches her she falls to the bridge, a deep gash in her leg.

Sheila looks up at the cop.

SHEILA
He just killed Donald!

DETECTIVE
The car is going to blow!

The detective grabs her.

SHEILA
His eyes . . . screw driver . . .
he put out his eyes . . .

(CONT'D)

131 CONTINUED

The detective drags her away from the car just as it EXPLODES into flames.

At the same moment Sheila fades into unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

131A INTERIOR - EMERGENCY ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sheila is wheeled into the emergency room on a stretcher by TWO MEDICS. The detective is with her.

Standing on the other side of the room is Neville. He quickly rushes to the stretcher as it passes.

NEVILLE
Sheila! Sheila!

She is unconscious. Her features are limp, her face a pale white.

The stretcher disappears down a corridor leaving Neville standing there, frightened, trembling. He turns to the detective, clenching his fists.

NEVILLE(CONT'D)
(enraged)
You son of a bitch!

DETECTIVE
John, I didn't know it was him . . .

NEVILLE
How did you let this happen to her?

Suddenly all the emotion bursts out of Neville. He grabs the detective and hurls him against the wall of the emergency room.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
HOW DID YOU LET IT HAPPEN?

(CONT'D)

131A CONTINUED

Neville moves for him. THREE ORDERLIES rush in and grab Neville, pulling him off of the detective. There is a sudden, angry scuffle. Neville SCREAMS and rages in their grasp.

Then slowly the anger drains out of him. He stops struggling.

Finally the orderlies let go. Neville stands there, breathing in GASPS. He glances at the detective.

NEVILLE
Sorry . . .

The detective touches Neville on the shoulder.

DETECTIVE
I just didn't know.

The detective turns and walks out of the emergency room leaving Neville standing there.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

132 INTERIOR - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

It is several days later. Sheila is in a small, private hospital room recovering from the accident. Her arm and leg are in traction.

The door opens and Neville steps in. He carries a bouquet of roses. His features are drawn, racked with tension. He tries not to show it.

NEVILLE
Hello.

He kisses her and places the flowers in a vase by the bed.

SHEILA
Well, if it isn't the Scowling Stranger.

Neville looks at her tenderly.

(CONT'D)

132 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
I've been here every day.

SHEILA
That doesn't count, I've been unconscious.

NEVILLE
How are you?

SHEILA
Fabulous. I ran around the reservoir this morning and this afternoon I'm going out for tennis.
(she gestures to the roses)
They tell me they have a special room downstairs for all the flowers you've been sending.

He smiles and sits down next to her.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Obviously you haven't caught him.

Neville nods.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
There's only one solution left. I'll live in the closet. Just leave my meals outside the door and slide in the morning papers.

NEVILLE
He hasn't killed again.

SHEILA
That's a relief. I was running out of friends for him.

She closes her eyes and crumples the sheet with her fingers.

(CONT'D)

132 CONTINUED

Neville stares tensely out of the window for a few moments.

NEVILLE
I believe you.

She looks at him.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
I believe in your power. You couldn't have known Donald was dead when the detective pulled you from the car. You couldn't have known how he died.

She reaches out and he takes her hand.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
You're somehow linked to this man. You see through his eyes, like a remote video unit, a receiver outside your body.

SHEILA
How could it happen?

NEVILLE
I don't know.

SHEILA
It's not one of those things you just accept when you get up in the morning.

NEVILLE
The question is, how do we stop him?

Neville looks away for a moment.

SHEILA
He feels me inside of him. He knows I'm there and he's trying to get me out. Instead, he kills the people closest to me. What a feeling, to know you cause the death of the ones you love.

Neville turns back to her. His lips tremble with fear and frustration.

(CONT'D)

132 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
And I'm the expert, the master cop who always catches the crazies. It's one hell of a joke!
(his voice begins to rise)
The first time someone means something to me they turn out to be the next victim, and it's the one time I can't do a goddamn thing about it!

SHEILA
John . . .

NEVILLE
Just look at this! You're the one in bed and I'm falling apart . . .
(then suddenly he stops. He gets a strange look on his face)
Bait!

SHEILA
What?

NEVILLE
What if I'm the bait?

SHEILA
What do you . . . ?

Then suddenly she knows what he means.

NEVILLE
He strikes out at your feelings toward the victims. So we hole up in a room, your power and your feelings for me drawing him to us, to where I can stop him.

Neville walks over to Sheila and takes her hand excitedly. He speaks with a hard determination.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
This time Mister Crazy will come looking for you and find me waiting for him.

Neville pauses.

(CONT'D)

132 CONTINUED

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
Will you do it, Sheila?

She looks at him for several beats.

SHEILA
Is there a choice?

Slowly Neville shakes his head.

CUT TO:

133 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Neville stands in the living room by the picture window staring out at the brownstone across the street. He has a two-way radio in his hands.

NEVILLE
Well, how's it look over there, boys?

134 INTERIOR - BROWNSTONE - DAY

Across the street in an old brownstone apartment TWO STAKE-OUT OFFICERS with telescopic cameras in the window wave at Neville.

FIRST OFFICER
(into two-way)
Looks good. We're feeding into a nine-eleven line through the switchboard downstairs.

135 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Neville listens over the two-way.

FIRST OFFICER (CONT'D)
(over radio, filtered)
That feeds into our car radio units.

NEVILLE
(into two-way)
Don't go away.

FIRST OFFICER
(over radio, filtered)
We won't.

(CONT'D)

135 CONTINUED

Neville turns and strolls into the bedroom. Sheila is in bed, her leg in traction, her arm in a bulky cast.

NEVILLE
We're all set.

SHEILA
Well, Mister Bait, welcome to the big wait.

CUT TO:

136 thru 139 DELETED

140 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Neville is on the couch, reading, beginning to doze off. The waiting continues, several nights later.

141 ANGLE ON BEDROOM

Sheila is asleep. Her face is relaxed, beautiful, serene, held for several beats.

Then suddenly she wakes up, opening her eyes. She GASPS, pushing back against the bed with her arms as if she is rivoted there by the force of gravity.

142 SHEILA'S POV - SIXTH VISION

Sheila is seeing the killer's nightmare.

The vision is plunging down a dark, surrealistic endless sewer drain pipe, a mad careening drop at an incredible speed.

143 BACK TO SHEILA

Wide awake, she can't move, frozen by the vertigo of the fall.

144 SHEILA'S POV - SIXTH VISION

The nightmare plummits down into a dark cesspool. It goes underwater.

The cesspool is teaming with things, great dark shapes, ominous hovering creatures moving toward the vision, reaching out for it.

(CONT'D)

144 CONTINUED

The vision rises and bobs on the surface, struggling to stay on top.

Then suddenly the cesspool drains, flowing out a window, becoming a small, box-like room. A WOMAN, old, haggard, is sitting on the edge of a bed saying something.

The vision whirls and runs out a door into another room. It is also bleak, small. Hanging on a bare light cord are three pictures, photos torn out of The Faces of Mars. They are of Elaine, Michelle and Donald. The eyes have been punched out of each one.

Then the vision moves to a table. The photo of Elaine from her bureau is there. The eyes are torn out.

On the table is a pair of scissors. A gloved hand picks them up and opens them, holding the blade like a knife.

Then the nightmare/vision turns around. The Old Woman is standing in the room. The vision rushes to her, the scissors moving to her eyes.

The Old Woman screams.

145 BACK TO SHEILA

Sheila SCREAMS, loud, as the nightmare/vision fades.

Neville rushes into the room.

CUT TO:

146 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later that night. Neville is by Sheila's bed. They talk softly.

NEVILLE
Maybe this time it was a dream.

SHEILA
It felt different. I know it wasn't my nightmare, it was his. He's haunted by me. He feels me inside of him. I'm driving him insane . . .
(she smiles)
I guess he already is.

(CONT'D)

146 CONTINUED

NEVILLE
I wonder if this nightmare is the sane half trying to take over?

SHEILA
What do you mean?

NEVILLE
The line between the sane and psychotic halves of his personality might not always be a clear boundary. It could fluctuate. Maybe for a few moments he sees his other half.

Sheila thinks about it a moment.

SHEILA
What would I do if I realized half of me was a murderer? Run? Try to cover it up? Kill myself?

NEVILLE
Or maybe nothing at all.

A thought strikes Sheila. She looks at Neville, smiling.

SHEILA
If he never does anything, do you and I have to stay in this apartment for twenty or thirty years just in case?

NEVILLE
At least.

Neville kisses her. Sheila touches his face softly.

SHEILA
Maybe if I could see <u>your</u> dreams . . .

Neville THUMPS the traction harness and both her casts.

NEVILLE
My dreams are about what we do when you get rid of this stuff.

(CONT'D)

146 CONTINUED

SHEILA
Patience.

NEVILLE
I've just about run out of that.

Neville stands up and begins pacing restlessly.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
Where the hell is he?

Neville walks to the bedroom window and looks out at the snow falling on the night city.

Sheila lies back on her pillow.

SHEILA
What a stupid time to be in love with somebody.

Neville turns from the window and walks back to her. They embrace, as well as they can with her in traction.

NEVILLE
I'm sorry. I have no right to complain.

SHEILA
When I was leaving hom to come to New York, my mother told me, "Sheila, when most girls fall in love with a man, it's beautiful. With you, it'll be ridiculous."

Neville softly touches her face.

NEVILLE
She was wrong. When this nightmare is over, we'll be together.

Softly he kisses her.

CUT TO:

147 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sheila and the First Officer from the brownstone across the street are talking.

The front door SLAMS. Neville walks into the bedroom. He is quietly angry.

SHEILA
Hi.
(she sees his mood)
What's wrong?

NEVILLE
The stake-out closes down in four days.

FIRST OFFICER
What?

Sheila looks apprehensive.

SHEILA
Why?

NEVILLE
Orders from the department. They say they need Harry and Don on normal duty.

FIRST OFFICER
That's the most stupid . . .

NEVILLE
You'll have to start pulling out.

FIRST OFFICER
Sorry, John. What about you?

Neville glances at Sheila.

NEVILLE
I took a temporary leave of absence.

SHEILA
For how long?

NEVILLE
(smiling)
Twenty or thirty years.

(CONT'D)

147 CONTINUED

Sheila stares at him with amazement.

FIRST OFFICER
(with equal amazement)
You quit?

NEVILLE
For now, until this is over.

SHEILA
You didn't have to do that.

NEVILLE
They asked me to make a choice. My job or you.
(he smiles at her)
I guess you might say I'm just old fashioned underneath it all. I feel if you have to sacrifice the first move, never give away the last.

The First Officer leaves them staring at each other.

CUT TO:

148 EXTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A week later. Heavy snow falls outside Sheila's apartment. The city is quiet.

149 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door.

Neville answers it. It is the deli owner from across the alley.

DELI OWNER
(fearfully)
I've got something to show you.

NEVILLE
I can't leave now. The other stake-out officers are gone.

DELI OWNER
You've got to come!

(CONT'D)

149 CONTINUED

Neville nods. He walks into the bedroom. Sheila is propped up in the bed reading.

NEVILLE
Get on the phone.

SHEILA
Where are you going?

NEVILLE
Just to the delicatessen.

Sheila picks up the telephone receiver. Neville CLICKS on his two-way radio.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
I'll be gone five minutes. We'll keep talking all the way.

150 ANGLE ON LIVING ROOM

Arthur, the switchboard operator, comes into the living room.

Neville walks in from the bedroom and hands him his gun.

ARTHUR
I don't know how to use this thing.

NEVILLE
You won't have to.

Neville and the deli owner leave the apartment.

151 ANGLE ON SHEILA

Arthur comes into the bedroom and sits down next to Sheila.

SHEILA
Hello, Arthur.

ARTHUR
My turn to babysit.

152 INTERIOR - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Neville and the delicatessen owner get into the elevator and start down.

NEVILLE
(into two-way)
On our way down.

153 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT

Sheila, in bed, listens to him over the telephone.

SHEILA
(into telephone)
Bring me back a corned beef on rye, will you?

154 EXTERIOR - SMALL ALLEY - NIGHT

Down below in the small alley between the apartment and the delicatessen a FIGURE stands looking up at the warm lights from Sheila's bedroom.

155 INTERIOR - LOBBY - NIGHT

Neville and the delicatessen owner walk out of the elevator and across the lobby.

DELI OWNER
I told you before he's been gone for a few weeks now. Off to see his mother in New Jersey, or so he said.

NEVILLE
Where in New Jersey?

DELI OWNER
Bayonne.

156 ANGLE ON SHEILA

She hears "Bayonne" over the phone. Then she remembers the parking stub.

(CONT'D)

156 CONTINUED

SHEILA
(into telephone)
Where was that?
(no reply)
Where did he go? Hello?
No one's talking to me.

157 INTERIOR - LOBBY

Neville and the delicatessen owner pass the switchboard.

NEVILLE
(into two-way)
Bayonne.

DELI OWNER
So tonight I find the door to his room broken in off the hinges. So I go in to find his mother's number.

158 EXTERIOR - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

The figure climbs the fire escape, his feet making big gouges in the new-fallen snow, as below him Neville and the delicatessen owner walk from the apartment building across the alley to the side entrance of the delicatessen.

159 INTERIOR - SUPERINTENDANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The delicatessen owner opens the door. He and Neville step inside.

Once inside the small, box-like room Neville freezes.

Stretched across the room is a bare light cord.

Hanging on the cord are three photos from The Faces of Mars. Elaine, Michelle and Donald. The eyes are torn out.

On the table next to the small bed is the photo of Elaine. The eyes have been punched out.

160 ANGLE ON SHEILA

SHEILA
(into telephone)
What's going on? Hello?

NEVILLE
(over telephone, filtered)
We've found him.

SHEILA
(into telephone)
What did you say?

NEVILLE
(over telephone, filtered)
It's all over.

161 EXTERIOR - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

On the fire escape George leans over a small space between the escape and the window ledge and pulls at the window on the fourth floor hallway with black gloved hands. The window is latched.

George looks puzzled, as if he expected it to be open. He tugs hard at the window. It opens, severing two small wires attached to the sill.

Suddenly an alarm CLANGS.

George looks around wildly.

162 ANGLE ON BEDROOM

Arthur jumps up, holding the gun.

SHEILA
(screams into telephone)
John!

163 INTERIOR - APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

George steps into the hallway from the fire escape and races down toward the elevator. The doors open and Mrs. Burlington steps out. She looks at George in horror.

George makes a quick U-turn and races back down toward the window.

164 EXTERIOR - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Neville springs up the fire escape and catches George just climbing on to it.

They struggle, George flailing and kicking at Neville. Neville punches him three times, slamming blows to his face. George falls back on the escape stairs and kicks Neville, hard, sending him sprawling backwards down the escape.

George scarmbles up the escape and leaps across to the roof of the apartment building. Neville is right behind him.

165 EXTERIOR - ROOF - NIGHT

They race across the snow-covered roof.

George reaches the edge and leaps for the catwalk of a huge billboard. He barely makes it.

166 EXTERIOR - CATWALK - NIGHT

Neville makes the leap. The two men struggle on the catwalk.

The middle of the catwalk gives way and George falls through up to his shoulders. Neville pulls him back up.

NEVILLE
I want you alive!

Then holding the front of his jacket with one hand, Neville sends a hard right into George's face. Then another, and another.

George crumples, unconscious.

CUT TO:

167 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An hour later. Sheila is listening intently on the telephone. Arthur is gone.

168 INTERIOR - SUPERINTENDANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Neville, George, the First Officer, Arthur and a few other OFFICERS are clustered in the superintendant's room. The evidence is spread out in front of George. He is bruised from Neville's beating and looks terrified.

FIRST OFFICER
This is very serious, George. You've already got a record that isn't doing you any good. Why don't we just try it again?

GEORGE
I got . . . a letter at my mother's. It was from Sheila Mars.

169 ANGLE ON SHEILA

She listens in astonishment.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(over telephone, filtered)
It said to meet her tonight, in her apartment, that she wanted to . . . see me . . .

170 INTERIOR - SUPERINTENDANT'S ROOM

FIRST OFFICER
And why did you throw this letter away, George?

GEORGE
It said . . . in the letter . . . to throw it away . . .

(CONT'D)

170 CONTINUED

FIRST OFFICER
Why did you have to do what it said?

George just shakes his head.

NEVILLE
George, how do you know that letter was from Sheila Mars?

George looks up suddenly.

GEORGE
It was.

NEVILLE
But how do you <u>really</u> know?

GEORGE
It had to be!

The First Officer holds up the pair of scissors.

FIRST OFFICER
Why were you carrying these?

George looks at him through teary eyes.

GEORGE
I never had those! I don't know where they came from!

FIRST OFFICER
We found them on you. Now just answer the question.

GEORGE
Somebody planted them on me! That guy!

George glares at Neville.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Maybe he did!

(CONT'D)

170 CONTINUED

FIRST OFFICER
Why did you go up on the fire escape?

Neville steps forward.

NEVILLE
You've been up it before, haven't you, George?

George begins to break down crying.

GEORGE
I looked around the floors a couple times, that's all.

Neville gestures to the First Officer. They confer quickly in the corner of the room.

NEVILLE
One way or the other . . .

171 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT

Sheila still listens in over the telephone.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)
(over telephone, filtered)
. . . we've got the killer. All I care about is that he gets off the streets.

172 INTERIOR - SUPERINTENDANT'S ROOM

The First Officer nods to two PATROLMEN who pick up George.

GEORGE
(screaming)
I never put up those pictures! It was all planted! I haven't done anything!

(CONT'D)

173 EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

There is a crowd surrounding several police cars in front of the delicatessen. George is brought out, his hands cuffed behind him. He is twisting and struggling. Finally he is shoved into a police car.

Neville walks up to the car and leans in, staring at George.

George is now deeply fearful of what is to happen to him.

GEORGE
I swear she wrote me a letter.

174 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bedroom Sheila hears:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(over telephone, filtered)
It said to come up and see her.

175 EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Neville talks into the two-way.

NEVILLE
It's finished, Sheila. The nightmare is over.

176 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila is about to say something into the telephone.

Suddenly she links, the high-pitched SCREAM striking her.

177 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Through the killer's eyes she sees the edge of the police car, the antenna, the side mirror, and then George sitting inside.

(CONT'D)

177 CONTINUED

GEORGE
(over telephone, filtered)
I didn't do anything!

SHEILA IS SEEING THROUGH NEVILLE'S EYES.

178 BACK TO SHEILA

She realizes it and SCREAMS into the receiver.

179 EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Her SCREAM comes over the two-way. Neville flips it off, but not before George hears it.

GEORGE
What's that?

Neville's face is placid, set, without emotion. He steps back from the police car, turns and walks slowly toward the entrance of the apartment building. The other police cars begin to pull away from the delicatessen.

The First Officer catches up with Neville.

FIRST OFFICER
You were right about having us pull out. He did show himself.

He pats Neville on the back.

FIRST OFFICER (CONT'D)
Give my best to your lady.

Neville keeps walking as if he doesn't hear the officer, into the apartment building.

180 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT

Sheila lies still, letting the horror wash over her. She sits up in bed, punches the button on the telephone cradle, trying to break the connection to the two-way radio.

181 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Neville moves toward the elevator. Then Arthur walks up, smiling, saying something to Neville.

182 INTERIOR - LOBBY - NIGHT

ARTHUR
I haven't seen anything like the way you let him have it on that cat . . .

Neville steps into the elevator, leaving Arthur in mid-sentence.

183 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila vainly punches the telephone cradle. She hurls it away.

184 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Neville's hands start to close the door as Mrs. Burlington hurries into the elevator with him.

185 INTERIOR - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

MRS. BURLINGTON
I told you he was the one I saw looking around up there. It took you long enough to do something about it. I even told her weeks ago but she wouldn't believe me. Now see what she has to say about it.

Neville looks at Mrs. Burlington. His expression is as if he has never seen her before. Then suddenly he winces at a pain in his head.

186 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheila in her bed: the vision fades. She can see her bedroom again. She lies very still, unsure of what to do.

187 INTERIOR - ELEVATOR

MRS. BURLINGTON
Anything wrong, Mr. Neville?

Neville is back to his normal self. He tries to remember.

NEVILLE
What's going on? What am I doing here?

Suddenly Neville's expression changes. He stares at Mrs. Burlington emotionlessly.

188 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT

Sheila links back into him.

189 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Mrs. Burlington stares at Neville curiously. Then the vision swings as Neville's hand pushes the elevator handle. The elevator starts up.

190 INTERIOR - SHEILA'S APARTMENT

Sheila, seeing this, tears out of her traction harness, moves across the bed, crawling blindly, feeling her way to the edge.

She rolls off on to the floor, tries to stand up, falls back down, taking forever, then crawls across the floor toward the living room.

191 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

The elevator indicator arrow moves up. Second floor.

192 ANGLE ON SHEILA

She moves through the bedroom door and her leg brace catches in the door.

193 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Third floor. Mrs. Burlington turns the handle. She opens the door, steps out, and turns around, looking at Neville in puzzlement.

194 ANGLE ON SHEILA

She tries desperately to free her leg.

195 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

The elevator doors close. It goes up. Fourth floor. The doors open.

196 ANGLE ON SHEILA

Sheila jerks her leg free and crawls into the living room.

197 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Neville moves down the hall toward Sheila's door.

198 ANGLE ON SHEILA

Scrambling, clawing, crawling, scooting, she moves behind the couch. She doesn't move. The sound of CLICKING, the lock TURNING.

199 WIDE SHOT - LIVING ROOM

The door opens. Neville walks in and closes it behind him. He very carefully bolt locks it.

The room is dark. From his vantage point Neville can't see Sheila huddled behind the couch.

200 CLOSE ANGLE - SHEILA

She is very still, holding her breath.

201 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

She sees Neville scanning the room, his eyes moving to the bedroom door where he thinks she is.

202 WIDE SHOT - LIVING ROOM

Sheila behind the couch, in the background Neville, his face calm, frighteningly calm. He reaches in his coat pocket and brings out the scissors.

203 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Neville's hand brings up the gleaming scissors and then he moves toward the bedroom.

The vision swings into the bedroom, looks over at the empty bed and the torn traction cloth.

Then it swings and suddenly Sheila sees herself across in the living room crouched behind the couch.

204 WIDE SHOT - LIVING ROOM

Sheila SCREAMS. Neville moves right for her.

The wild death struggle begins. Pandemonium. Neville raises the scissors. Sheila grabs his hand, kicking, clawing. They struggle across the room toward the picture window.

As they move by, Sheila's thrashing leg comes down on her tape recorder by the fireplace, CLICKING it on. A tape begins playing. It is their tape, from the first time they made love.

SHEILA
(voice over
tape recorder)
John . . .

NEVILLE
(voice over
tape recorder)
Hmmm?

SHEILA
(voice over
tape recorder)
"Happy Birthday to You . . ."

205 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Sheila can see Neville's hand around her throat, pushing her toward the picture window.

(CONT'D)

205 CONTINUED

The tape continues playing, a horrifying counterpoint to the struggle.

Neville jerks his hand loose of Sheila's grip. He raises the scissors to plunge them into her eyes.

Then the vision fades out for a second time.

206 TWO SHOT - SHEILA AND NEVILLE

Neville hesitates, poised to stab her, his normal half returned.

Sheila looks up into his face. There is a pause as their eyes meet. The tape is still playing.

SHEILA
(voice over
tape recorder)
I've just made love to you for the first time and I don't know what to call it.

NEVILLE
(voice over
tape recorder)
Veteran's Day? D-Day?

Neville looks at Sheila with profound confusion. Then he looks at the scissors in his hand. Sheila is trembling in his grasp, tears streaming down her face.

NEVILLE
(whispers fearfully)
Sheila . . .
(softly)
Stop me.

Sheila just looks at him a beat. The next moment she shifts her weight, wheeling, pushing, and gives him a sudden jerk. Neville stumbles forward, loses his balance and falls through the picture window with a CRASH.

Sheila links with him again. She drops to the floor, rivoted there, seeing:

207 SHEILA'S POV - SEVENTH VISION

Neville's long plunge four stories down. The pavement rushes upward into camera. SMASH! The vision goes red, then fades, slowly, to black.

208 ANGLE ON SHEILA

Slowly, agonizingly, Sheila gets to her feet. She hobbles to the broken window. Snow blows in all around her. She looks out and down at Neville dead on the pavement below. WE HOLD ON SHEILA'S FACE.

NEVILLE
(voice over
tape recorder)
Here I am. I love you, Sheila.
I love you.

THE END